

39

C58

Copy 1



Class \_\_\_\_\_

Book \_\_\_\_\_

PRESENTED BY

\_\_\_\_\_









SUMNER F. CLAFLIN,  
MANCHESTER, N. H.

# CLAFLIN'S Red Book <sup>OF</sup> Rambles

BY

SUMNER F. CLAFLIN,  
MANCHESTER, N. H.

---

*Legend—Don't ask Posterity to  
print the stuff you write—print it  
yourself.*

---

CONCORD:  
RUMFORD PRINTING CO.  
1906





## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
A Page Dedicatory . . . . .	3
Moving.—The Men One Meets . . . . .	5
The East Branch Tragedy (illustrated) . . . . .	6
Hampton and Stratham . . . . .	7
Two Fires (illustrated) . . . . .	10
On the Portsmouth Road . . . . .	12
Benediction . . . . .	16
Newfields and Nottingham . . . . .	17
Ten Fingers . . . . .	20
“Up Country” (illustrated) . . . . .	21
One Woman’s Soul . . . . .	24
Chocorua (illustrated) . . . . .	25
You’ll be True . . . . .	27
In the Penacook Country . . . . .	28
A Way in a Wilderness . . . . .	30
In the Merrimack Valley . . . . .	32
The Case of the Poor . . . . .	34
In Classic Exeter . . . . .	35
If They Want To . . . . .	37
Florida and—Seabrook (illustrated) . . . . .	38
The Skunk . . . . .	40
Along by the Atlantic . . . . .	41
Dexter Franklin Rich . . . . .	44
Bound Boys . . . . .	45
In Carroll County . . . . .	48
Emma (illustrated) . . . . .	50
Sam Smith of Brentwood . . . . .	51
Blue Day Yarns (illustrated) . . . . .	53
The Honest Forester . . . . .	56
Blue Day Yarns . . . . .	57
Jury Stories . . . . .	61

The Granddad Order . . . . .	63
Around the Ossipees (illustrated) . . . . .	64
The 'Mobile and the Horse . . . . .	66
Snowville and Thorn Hill . . . . .	67
Left ! Major Coffin and Friend Hobbs . . . . .	70
Him and Her . . . . .	73
" From Greenland's Icy Mountains " (illustrated) . . . . .	74
Relics.—The Salvation Army . . . . .	78
Barnum's Amiable Gorilla . . . . .	81
In " Hawke " and Vicinity . . . . .	85
In Candia, Deerfield and Northwood . . . . .	88
A String of Incidents . . . . .	93
A Trip " Down in Maine " (illustrated) . . . . .	96
A Word Political . . . . .	98

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

---

	PAGE
“The Great Stone Face” . . . . .	3
Scene on the East Branch . . . . .	Facing 6
Scene of the “Two Fires,” Hampton Beach, N. H. . . . .	“ 10
The Mountains from Summit of Chocorua . . . . .	“ 22
“The Beauties of Chocorua” . . . . .	“ 26
The Picturesque Weirs . . . . .	31
An Heirloom . . . . .	Facing 38
Wife and Home of the Author . . . . .	“ 50
“The Major” . . . . .	53
The Whittier Pine . . . . .	Facing 64
The King’s Highway in Stratham, N. H. . . . .	“ 74
“On the Saco” . . . . .	“ 96



## A PAGE DEDICATORY.

To the memory of my father, Preston Claffin, born June 8, 1833, deceased April 30, 1906. He was noble, kind and good, though he never belonged to any church. He was one of the millions who are not exploited in the newspapers, simply because the simple and unostentatious virtues of life are not so uncommon as to need advertising. He was one of the many men and women whose upright lives teach us that as this old world of ours grows older it grows always better. He saw the good that is in men and women, and he thought no evil. Peace to his ashes.

THE AUTHOR.





## MOVING.—THE MEN ONE MEETS.

---

*He Works Five Days and then Moves.*—Edward Primrose;  
*Moses H. Rogers.*

---

A busy week? Well, just a little. Kind reader did you ever move? I don't mean have you packed your little grip or your bachelor's trunk and flitted to greener fields and pastures new; that is easy enough, and it is not to such that my earnest inquiry applies; but have you enjoyed the sweet anticipation of going to a new abode with family—bag, baggage, heirlooms and household goods? Have you thought with emphasis as you jammed your fingers in an attempt to remove that dust accumulator, the best room carpet? Have you groaned in spirit as you surveyed the accumulation of old truck that somehow settles down upon a man with a family cook stove, or used a justifiable oath when the soot from a section of pipe run down upon your back? Did you get a load of the best things in the house safely on the road, only to be drenched in a thunder shower and heave into port looking for all the world like a wreck on a storm-bound coast? If so, then you know how to appreciate my statement that this has been a busy week with me—I have moved and I never, *never*, NEVER! want to move any more.

But I have been busy in the field also during the five days. The country from Great Hill to the banks of the Merrimaek at Haverhill, Mass., was explored in the interests of the *Gazette*, the result being most satisfactory. One never knows who his friends are till he looks for them, and the friends found for the *Gazette* this week in new correspondents in some of our strongest towns will be looked for with interest in the coming weeks.

My course Tuesday was through South Kingston, where Henry P. Collins is the genial and obliging postmaster, and through him I learned of Edward Primrose, who lives here at the age of about one hundred and ten years, if we may believe his evidence. He says he ran away from his home in the Island of Jamaica at the age of 13 years, and followed the sea until about forty years of age, when he met and married his present wife at Newburyport and settled down. He distinctly remembers seeing Napoleon Bonaparte at the time he was exiled to St. Helena by the victorious allied powers. He does not claim to know his exact age, but it is evidently about what we have given.

I also met, in South Kingston, Moses H. Rogers, who had a paper route for several publications, embracing Kensington, Plaistow, Atkinson, Kingston, Newton and South Hampton some forty years ago, for eight years, delivering about sixteen hundred papers a week direct to the subscribers. He sold out to a Mr. Webster and a few years later the practice was discontinued. The plan now proposed for carrier service in country districts is somewhat similar in some respects.

---

### THE EAST BRANCH TRAGEDY.

---

The East Branch roared and fumed and strained,  
Like an angry bull with a ring in the nose,  
All night, all day, had the heavens rained,  
And faster and faster the river rose.

Down from the camp on the mountain side,  
Came Broncho Dick, with the six-horse team  
Headed for Henry's; the whip he plied,  
And now and again he eyed the stream.

The river roared, and the ice fields crashed  
Together and broke in the rushing tide,  
While the untimely lightning flashed,  
And thunder rolled from side to side.





SCENE ON THE EAST BRANCH



In "Devil's Gulch," at the turn of the road,  
The swirling waters eddied and stayed,  
While out midstream, the ice jam throed  
Till Broncho Dick, he was fair dismayed.

Urge as he would the frenzied team,  
Clear to their girths in the icy wave,  
He could not budge that outfit lean,  
So he turned at last himself to save.

And just as he climbed the beetling cliff  
Above the gulch and the leaping flood,  
A heavier crash seemed to freeze him stiff,  
And shook the rocks where he trembling stood.

Gone like the froth on the breaking wave,  
Swept from the road by the mountain stream,  
And into the depths, as into a grave,  
Went Henry's six-horse team !

---

## HAMPTON AND STRATHAM.

---

*The Historical Houses of the Dearborns, the Leavitts' and the Hobbs' in Hampton; the Wiggins' in Stratham.—The Gazette Representative Cordially Received.*

---

My way last week was among the manor born residents of Hampton. The *Gazette*, with three regular correspondents in Hampton, of course had a right to expect a welcome there, and got it in the addition of over fifty new names to the list in about three days, while the other three days in North Hampton and Stratham were proportionately productive. Our new correspondent at North Hampton is by no means a stranger in these columns, has a first-rate reputation as a careful itemizer, and we feel assured will fill a long felt want.

It is odd, perhaps, that it should happen so, but my first night out was spent in a house that had been 200 years in

the family and name of the Dearborns, upon land that never was deeded except to its present owner, Hugh Brown, in the large west room in the older part of the house. It may have been odd, and certainly was fortunate, as Mrs. Brown comes of a large family of manor born Hamptonians, "given to hospitality" and excellent cooks. My last night out for the week was spent in a house and upon land in Stratham that never was deeded at all. It was grabbed from the "savages" by the "merrie king's men" and engranted to the Wiggins' family (a tract about four miles square, I believe), in which name it has remained continuously ever since, though of course large parts of the original grant have been deeded to others. B. F. Witham leases this place, while Bartlett Wiggin, Esq., a direct representative of the original grantees, lives in a very ancient country house upon land that has neither been deeded nor leased, next adjoining.

The Wiggin and Foss families are among the oldest in Stratham, and the question once propounded by an Exeter lawyer to a witness from Stratham in a certain case, "Well, I suppose your name is Wiggin," will usually get an affirmative response. Of course I do not wish to be understood as speaking for the entire population of Stratham. There are others, you know, the Odells, the Lanes, the Wingates, and so on, and they are pleasant people to meet.

Tuesday was a dull and misty day, spent in Hampton village and along the beaches from Boar's Head and Leavitt Brothers' comfortable hostelry to J. B. Leavitt's inviting place at North Beach, along the new road, a day in which the gray mists massed out on the vast deep and marched in upon the land with the swift and shadowy tread of marshalled hosts, wetting one to the skin, and driving the beach population behind their glass doors and windows, secure from the elements, the grand and solemn wash of the great Atlantic around the head of the Boar and the silent, swift rush of the mist clouds across the marshes and over the main, could be most advantageously seen.

The night of such a day was heavy and gloomy, but within the comfortable home of Harrison Hobbs on Windmill Hill, a pleasant party made up the by no means small Hobbs family and some seventeen regular guests, besides the writer, passed a very enjoyable evening. The Hobbs family is also one of the oldest in Hampton, their ancient homestead standing near the present residence of Horace Hobbs, and the land they occupy on and near Windmill Hill has always been held in the name.

The first Hobbs to come to Hampton from England, about 1640, was Maurice or Morris Hobbs, and it is said he came because he was jilted by a fair English maid, who at the last moment repented and tried to dissuade him from coming, but it was his turn to play the jilting act, and another "fayre ladie" became the mother of the American family. The ancient windmill on the hill was torn down years ago, but many of my readers will recall how the boys used to ride round its great arms and occasionally one would get "carried over." Mr. Horace Hobbs showed me a desk, made of some massive wood, a hundred and fifty years or so ago, and a sword used in the time of the Revolution by a Hobbs who raised a company of Hampton men for the patriot cause.

Among other ancient timepieces I saw, was one in the home of Clarissa J. Sanborn, made by Daniel Wood of Newburyport for Woolbridge Sanborn, one hundred years or more ago. A clock in those times cost money; time was literally money with them; this one cost no less than \$75, and there are others that cost even more.

Not far from here, on the Exeter road, lives friend Drake, whose "colt" caused the scribe a little uneasiness by his frisky movements till friend Drake explained that the colt was 35 years old, and only a little bit kinky because of lack of exercise.

The tallest monument in the Hampton town lot is erected to the memory of Godfrey Dearborn, who came over from Exeter, England, in 1641.

Wednesday night, after a run to Exeter over one of the best bicycle roads in the state, and back into North Hampton, I stopped with the accommodating family of Andrew J. Marston, whose hospitality, like that of many others, I shall not forget.

In passing, I want to refer to the Perkins' at the "Landing," so-called. I met James W. Perkins here (who went to Kansas City, in '66), at J. O. Perkins', where he is spending the season. At Elias H. Perkins' I got one of those dinners that we always look back upon with regret—that they don't come every day.

In conversation with Moses Leavitt, he mentioned that for 40 years the *Massachusetts Ploughman* had been taken in the family, an instance of the attachment that is frequently found among New Englanders for the old family newspaper. The price may be high, the paper may be very different under new managers from what it used to be, but if "father took it, and grandfather before him," no one can blame the devoted subscriber for a certain filial, though blind loyalty, to the time-honored guest of the family.

An evening spent with Deacon Leavitt at North Hampton was profitable to me as an opportunity to look over the valuable history of old Hampton, with its mass of biographical and chronological lore. These books should be in the hands of every Hampton family.

---

## TWO FIRES!

---

What! Again? Will wonders never cease?

That fire, foretold by Mistress Ellen Brown  
Down by the "landing,"—may she dwell in peace!—  
Came at the beach as the other came in town.

A year ago or more, the gossips say,  
Ma'am Brown was riding by the village school,  
When a rude lad, in jesting play,  
Invited the answer we return a fool.



SCENE OF THE "TWO FIRES," HAMPTON BEACH, N. H.





"Ma'am Brown ! Ma'am Brown ! I want to know  
 When we shall have another fire ;  
 Can ye give me a ticket to the show ?  
 An' send me word by wire."

Quick as a flash from threatening sky  
 Ma'am Brown her answer then returned :  
 "Next Saturday, lad, and if you go nigh,  
 You 'll surely get your coat tail burned !"

You who are wise in things unseen,  
 May tell from whence that true word came.  
 But the lad will mind Ma'am Brown, I ween,  
 For he burned his coat tail in that flame !

\* \* \* \* \*

There came a man to Mistress Brown  
 From Exeter, one autumn day,  
 To learn if Fate should smile or frown  
 Upon his future untrod way.

The deep sleep of the medium fell  
 On the eyelids of the comely dame,  
 And, from the hidden forest dell,  
 Her Indian sachem came.

In crooning tones the " brave " she told  
 The secrets he desired to know ;  
 Like witch and seer in days of old,  
 And she told him true, I trow.

"And, brave, before the moon again,  
 Shall wax and wane in the sky,  
 Five wigwams of the paleface men,  
 Flat by the weed-strewn beach shall lie."

\* \* \* \* \*

The slow, October days were almost gone ;  
 From Hampton Beach the summer crowds had fled ;  
 Dame Brown to Mistress Bach appeared one morn  
 "To spend the day in gossiping," she said.

Two dames well met, and eager ran their lips,  
 As good dames do, they had a lot to say,  
 As from the porch they watched the passing ships,  
 Or the trolley spinning on its iron way.

"Say, ma'am," quoth Mistress Bach, "tell me in sooth

When comes that fire your sachem advertised?

I do believe he did n't tell the truth ;

Think you, Mis' Brown, your sachem ever lies?"

"He needs more matches for so big a job,

And don't you fear but what the fire will come,"

Quoth Mistress Brown, then quickly said : "It 's odd,

What mean those smoky clouds that hide the sun?"

"Oh, that 's the car smoke drifting from the marshes."

"Not so, Mis' Bach, the cars are miles away."

"Then 't is a marsh fire turning grass to ashes."

"Not so, good dame, *my* fire is due today."

And, as she spoke, the telephone was humming

From Exeter ; the fire lads hurried down ;

The word went forth that Hampton Beach was burning,

And teams came racing from the nearby town.

The sachem's fire had come on schedule time,

And no man knows the wherefore or the why.

The facts I give, I spin no theory fine,

I can 't explain it, and I will not try.

## ON THE PORTSMOUTH ROAD.

*He Jumps In and Out of the "Frying Pan."—Meets  
Former Barkeeper Who Has Never Drank.—Visits a  
Near Descendant of Capt. John Locke.—Kept by a Po-  
lice Commissioner at Portsmouth, and Next at the  
Famous Hotel of the Late Ann Wiggin at Newfields.*

A few miles out toward Stratham I passed through the neighborhood of the Folsoms of Folsom Ridge. The Folsom farms, under the management now of John F. Pickering, are among the best in the state. Passing around by the left, I visited Stratham Ridge, where most of the wives seemed to be off huckleberrying, as half the houses were

empty. When I go there again I'll send a postal, so as to find them at home.

From the ridge I descended into the "Frying-pan," but did not go from the frying-pan into the fire, as some do. I called at the ancient home of the Wingate's and had a pleasant chat with J. C. A. Wingate, Esq., who practiced law at Concord for a time, and afterwards was cashier of a national bank at Concord till failing health compelled him to retire.

When I left the "Frying-pan" I brought up at Mark Garland Roberts' and spent the evening listening to accounts of travels in the far West, and through the sunny South. Mr. Roberts has spent years in those sections, and his opinions upon manners, customs and people there are those of a well-informed man. Mr. Roberts had scarcely returned to Stratham when his fellow townsmen elected him first selectman, and a man might as well be mayor, as "chairman of the board." Sam Walter Foss, the poet, who was born and reared in Candia, now editor of the *Yankee Blade*, in his inimitable poem on the "Selickman," did n't half exhaust the theme. It's a dull day when half a dozen different matters are not brought to the chairman of the board for adjustment.

Tuesday, I passed through a part of North Hampton, calling at John G. Sleeper's, the cider manufacturer, dining at Eli G. Bunker's hospitable table. Mr. Bunker is at present a painter and I am not sure that he would like to be advertised as an ex-barkeeper for some of the first-class beach houses in this section, but the fact stands to his credit that he has stood the trying ordeal of dealing out liquor to his thirsty fellow citizens for 13 years without either drinking or using liquor or tobacco himself. I doubt if there is another such a record in New Hampshire.

From Little River, bearing to the left, I avoided Little Boar's Head, with its numerous summer houses, and passed by Irving H. Lamprey's, down into the neighborhood of the Philbrick's, the Jennesses, the Browns, and so on. Most

of the beach houses are completely full. The Sea View, the Farragut, Hon. David Jenness' cottage and one or two others were, so I happen to know, and I began to think that I would have to take up with the generous offer of Mr. Jenness' hired man, and bunk with him in the barn on a camp bed, but fortune has a way of favoring me, and instead, I stayed in with Moses Philbrick, out of the drenching rain of Tuesday night, and occupied "the best room."

Wednesday I visited the Rye beaches, Foss', Jenness', etc., and "Locke's Neck," near which the great Atlantic cable plunges into the sea. Could we follow that cable with the eye of fancy, what scenes of Neptune's dominions might we conjure out of the gray depths. Away out in the bosom of the moaning waters, where the great ships went down and the dead mariner clutched it with his pulseless hands, where the monsters of the deep hold carnival and wage war; where McGinty went to, etc. You see 'tis but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, but there is a really good article on Rye and the New Hampshire Coast in the July *Granite Monthly*, from the pen of Lewis K. Lane of North Hampton, which all "up-to-dates" ought to read, if they have not already done so. I met with an aged pensioner, Mrs. Alice Brunt Philbrick, out towards the cable station and she sent me for the doctor,—that is one of the things an agent is expected to do on occasions. I did the errand, as I am always glad to when I can.

On the road to Rye Center I met Daniel D. Locke, who is caring for his aged kinsman, Lemuel Locke, 90 years of age and slowly sinking towards the dreamless sleep that waits for all. Born in Rye, he has always followed the occupation of a farmer, is third or fourth, I believe, in descent from Capt. John Locke, who was killed by the Indians at Locke's Neck. I say "Locke's Neck" advisedly; why the name should ever have been changed because some city gentleman happened to come here and buy a piece of land and put up a summer cottage is more than I can understand. It is hoped that the aged Lemuel Locke will sur-

vive to be present at the Locke family reunion, that occurs on the 23d of August, at that place.

I took a spin from the Center out over Breakfast Hill, across the Eastern Division tracks, and thence into Greenland, from which Portsmouth is an easy side trip, and I enjoyed the hospitality of Police Commissioner John E. Dimick, not, however, at the police station. I "had a pull" with the family, and being one of the few able-bodied men who never hankered to "get on the force," I was well received.

Greenland is a beautiful town, of which the Weekses were among the first settlers and the Frinks, Hatches, Chapmans, Adamses, and so on, are noted in passing. Bayside and Riverside, two stations near Great Bay in Greenland and Stratham respectively, claimed my attention, and I want to pause right here to predict that sometime the shore of Great Bay will be dotted with scores of summer cottages. Nature has done her part, and henceforth sits waiting till man shall discover and appropriate her beauties.

The tollbridge at Newfields over the Squamscott, kept by Henry F. Marden, is about half a mile from the old ferry that it supplanted many years ago. In the house built by Andrew Wiggin 100 years ago, now the home of Frederick A. Caverly, I spent Thursday night. Andrew Wiggin had the care of a female Indian supposed to be the last of her tribe, who became the wards of the Wiggins' when the grant of Stratham was made to them by the English crown. The Caverlys are also an old family, Moses Caverly being one of the original grantees of Barrington, in 1722. The family history, written by Robert B. Caverly of the Massachusetts bar, and published in Concord in 1879, is an interesting book.

Friday night, Charles E. Smith, in Newfields, entertained me in a house that has a history, as most of the older houses have hereabouts. Ann M. Wiggin, spinster, kept a hotel here for 50 years, and out in the barn in a pile of old truck I found the sign, reading "Elm House, A. M. Wiggin, Prop.,

1835." The great elms that furnish a refreshing shade over the yard and house, and the door, whose latchstring always hangs out, are all the signs at present that weary travelers are accommodated.

About three miles out on the Epping road lives Mrs. Elizabeth (Hobbs) Hersey, aged 76. Her grandfather, Nathaniel Hobbs, who died in 1832, came from England, and raised a company of soldiers for the Revolution, in Hampton, using the sword I mentioned a week or two ago. His son, Mrs. Hersey's father, Joseph Hobbs, moved to Ossipee and settled there. This information I gleaned from Mrs. Hersey. Thus one thing leads to another and with your consent this thing leads to the end of what to me has been an interesting week's ramble.

---

#### BENEDICTION.

---

When the moon is sleeping  
On your pillow and your hair,  
My angel shall be keeping  
His constant vigil there.

No harm shall come a-nigh you  
By starlight or by day,  
My angel shall be by you  
To drive all harm away.

And, in the dewy morning,  
When my love shall arise,  
With fond thoughts your bosom warming,  
And lovelight in your eyes,

My angel shall attend you  
From morning until night ;  
With valor to defend you  
And guide your steps aright.

## NEWFIELDS AND NOTTINGHAM.

---

*A Hot Trip into Newfields, Wadley's Falls and Nottingham.—Took a Subscriber and Neither of us Spoke a Word.—Saw Some Very Old Clocks.—The Swedes as Good Citizens.*

---

Monday, August 5, was a scorcher, and the up and down nature of the road to Newfields was particularly adapted to bring out what little sweat there was in me, and hence I perspired. Let no thoughtless reader of the *Gazette* imagine that rambling on a wheel is one long drawn out round of pleasure. "Far from it," in the language of Josiah Allen's wife, "it is not as easy as it looks to be."

My road lay through Rockingham Junction, where the network of tracks are insufficiently protected by a single bar on one side across the road. There will be an accident here yet, and some time the town and the railroad will have to rearrange the position of the highway over the tracks. As it now is, it is highly dangerous. From the Junction, my way was by the Ash Swamp road. I made a brief canvass of Newmarket and spent a pleasant evening with S. D. Joy's family. Mr. Joy is a radical in sentiment, after the writer's own heart in many things, but his selection of the Chicago "anarchists" to fill an honorable place on the sitting room wall, was rather startling to me. Is it true that history will accord them a place beside of John Brown and Abraham Lincoln?

Wadley's Falls, in Lee, Strafford County, is a beautiful place, which ought to be annexed to Newmarket, as its position warrants, not as one old resident expressed it, "so he could be further from Barrington," but because it is nearly surrounded by towns in Rockingham County and goes to Newmarket as naturally as the placid waters of the Lamprey River run down hill. I was going to mention

C. L. Welch and David L. Langley's fishing experience at Pea Porridge Pond, but I might want you to believe something I told you later on, and fish stories induce "that tired feeling."

The roomy and well-appointed residence of Elbridge Marston ensconced me Tuesday night, and a call on George W. Plummer, Esq., of South Lee, brought out reminiscences of several local men of literary attainments. It may not be known that the "Greek orator," Messeros, got his first start through the kindness of friends in this vicinity, and in the height of his career as a public speaker, acknowledged the same in eloquent stanzas inscribed "Messeros to Frank," (Frank P. Thompson).

Near Wadley's Falls lives Samuel A. Avery, a veteran of a Massachusetts regiment, one of eight brothers: Joseph of Kingston, Frank of Farmington, John of Barnstead, deceased; Stephen of Nebraska, David E. of Barnstead, deceased; Plummer and George, killed in battle; truly a hero family, and worthy of a page in history.

At East Nottingham I took a subscriber and neither of us said a word, a feat that was very trying to me, but not so to him. He was deaf and dumb, and while the conversation was put on the slate, the subscription was not. F. P. Bartlett, the person referred to, may be, for all I know, the only deaf mute postmaster in the United States, but that is the position he fills very acceptably.

Matthew J. Harvey of Red Oak Hill, Epping, entertained me with selections from his forthcoming book of poems, a volume of some three hundred pages, now ready for the printers' art preservative, and containing some really good pieces. Lorenzo Colby I met in his shop at C. F. Sanborn's, hard at work building a carriage, despite his 82 years of life, and he told me an interesting story of a long ago clambake, in which Harrison Rundlett and Jake Bartlett were "put to bed," and Theodore Edgerly, a peddler, was laid out behind the bar before the wee sma' hours, when Mrs. Colby was aroused to let in the deponent, home-



ward bound "too full for utterance." Mr. Colby does not advise young men to drink in order to live to a good old age like himself, however, and I guess his own lapses from strict temperance have not been frequent. Certainly he is a hale old man, wearing his years gracefully. Mrs. Hannah J. (Roberts) Carleton of Raymond, aged 85, and Oliver H. Bickford of West Epping, formerly of Exeter, aged 85, I also visited during Wednesday.

Wednesday night found me at Josiah Albert Whittier's in Deerfield. One night recently Mr. Whittier was roused from sleep to find his saw, grist and cider mill, just below the pond on a branch of the Lamprey, completely ablaze, and without thought of consequences, dashed into the pond and battled for an hour with bucket in hand, to save the wooden flume from destruction. Mr. Whittier is subject to rheumatism, and stated that ordinarily a thousand dollars would not have tempted him to do it; but, strange to say, he has suffered no ill effects whatever from his midnight bath in the chill waters.

Among the ancient clocks I have run across this week, one was owned by George F. Healey of Raymond; another, at the store of D. W. Whittier, belonging to the grandfather of Earl Ladd, and came from Deerfield. These clocks, and many that I see, have the trade mark of S. Hoadley of Plymouth, Mass., though it is believed they were imported from England, and the cases only were put on by Mr. Hoadley. Mrs. William M. Leighton gave me some facts regarding her delightful farm home, now full of summer guests. It seems that her great-grandfather, Nicholas Gilman, bought the farm 132 years ago, of Reuben Dearborn of North Hampton, and for a time lived in a camp near the great rock across the road from the present house, the territory being then a part of Chester.

Around by Candia Island, through the village and up by Candia meeting house on the hill, over High Street to Charmingfare (the ancient name for all this tract of country now embraced in Candia), my course lay, and Saturday

I closed a profitable and interesting week by a spin from the Hooksett line to tidewater at Exeter. One thing I noticed in Candia, by the way, was the number of Swedes settling there. These light-haired, gray-eyed people of northern Europe, make excellent citizens. They believe in our institutions, and find no terrors in the "little red school-house." They are frugal and industrious, and as a rule, constant attendants at church. Let us extend to them that hospitality that is due to those who are to share the duties and responsibilities of civil and industrial association with us. It is not wise, in fact, to look with suspicion on any class that seek our shores even as our forefathers sought it, for civil and religious liberty, and a chance to erect and enjoy comfortable homes.

---

### TEN FINGERS.

---

I have ten fingers, counting thumbs,  
And some are long,  
And some are strong,  
And some are very useful ones.  
I have ten fingers, dear, for you,  
And all are tried and all are true—  
Ten fingers, counting thumbs.

Of which of them, then, shall I sing,  
A glad, sweet song,  
The whole day long,  
And which of them shall be the king?  
The one, my dear, that wears for you,  
A token sweet, a token true,  
My lady's finger ring !

## “UP COUNTRY.”

---

*Enjoying a Vacation Among the Mountains of the Old Granite State.—The Excitement of Summer Boarders and Safe Breaking at North Conway.*

---

NORTH CONWAY, N. H., August 26.

I wish my *Gazette* friends could see what I have seen in the last week among these grand old mountains and in the Saco valley. I left Manchester Monday morning, and in passing Massabesic Lake we heard the inimitable steamboat whistle that some enterprising genius has inflicted upon the lake sojourners. It is alleged to “play the scale,” and it does play the dickens with nervous horses. In the night, from some remote section of the waters, its unearthly notes sound out with startling effect, and once heard, it will not soon be forgotten.

At Rockingham Junction I waited long enough to become thoroughly impressed with the lack of accommodations for the travelling public, and to wonder when that new depot would loom up. The run to Dover was quickly made, and the wait for the Portsmouth train to Rochester was patiently waited; but it came, as all things come, to the man that waits. I changed cars at Rochester (do you go to the great and only Rochester fair?) and plunged into a country which I never saw before.

The valley of the Salmon Falls River, with the hills of Maine to my right, stretched away to the north, and we sped by the immense ice houses of Milton and Union, where coolness is stored for the dwellers in dusty cities. I also saw large piles of poplar logs for the manufacture of excelsior at these points, and further on at Ossipee. At Sanbornville, formerly Wolfeborough Junction, a stop is made for lunch, and our train was passed by the lake train from Wolfeborough, going south.

Beyond Ossipee the great shadowy summits of New Hampshire's crowning glory,—her mountains—massed in majestic phalanx against the sky, weird and awful to the dweller along the more level coast. As one proceeds, Chocoma first, raises towering battlements on high, and further up, Moat Mountain presents a ragged edge against the azure blue; then we plunge into the beautiful valley of the Saco, and crossing some of the most fertile meadows in the state, a mile wide, we come to North Conway with

Mountains to right of us;

Mountains to left of us;

Mountains in front of us;

towering unnumbered.

Out above Kearsarge post office rises Mount Bartlett and Mount Sunrise to the east, while back of them old Kearsarge raises its proud head, conscious of its distinguished honor of being the only mountain for which an American warship was ever named. On its summit a white boarding house glistens in the sun, but, thank goodness, no enterprising artist has embellished its sides with alluring quotations regarding the merits of pills, bitters and potions in the patent medicine line, not even the conspicuous "P. E. A." so often seen in Rockingham County, and it is to be hoped that no acts of vandalism like this will ever be allowed. A friend of mine suggests that what North Conway needs is a shoe factory. I don't think so. In my opinion this whole section of mountains, lakes and valleys should be kept and beautified by landscape gardening for the purpose for which Nature evidently intended it—the pleasure of men. Great Heavens! Is there not room enough for shoe factories on the sandy reaches of less favored Rockingham and Essex without encroaching upon this wonderland of summer bowers and enchanting views?

On Tuesday night my host invited me to a Methodist class meeting in his home, at which five were present besides his family, two of them ministers, Mr. Whitesides of Conway and Mr. Mallory of Boston. It seems that week-



THE MOUNTAINS FROM SUMMIT OF CHOCORUA.



night meetings are no better attended here than elsewhere. The decadence of the country church is a theme, however, that I will leave to other hands.

Thursday morning, about three o'clock, my hostess heard a loud report, and in an early morning walk I chanced in at the North Conway post office and found the safe blown open and the place burglarized of about \$560. Someone had evidently been studying something else besides the beauties of nature.

Conway has seven post offices, so Brentwood need not despair. They are: Conway, South Conway, Redstone, North Conway, Kearsarge, Conway Center, Intervale, and East Conway. I have visited four of them (in the daytime). I also penetrated up the valley of the Saco as far as the East Branch House, where I forded the river which is here a quarter of a mile wide, a waste of shallow water and barren sand and rocks. I got through it, however, without smashing the wagon, and enjoyed a drive along the west bank of the river, under the beetling cliffs of "The Cathedral," "Humphrey's Ledge," and "White Horse Ledge," which serve as an underpinning for this section of Moat Mountain.

Thursday I visited the Conway Mineral Spring, the Washington Boulder, a rock as big as a good sized meeting house, that stands in a pine woods in the middle of the Saco valley, where it was evidently dropped from the river of ice a mile deep that once plunged through here on its way to the ocean.

At Redstone, several ambitious companies are at work "lugging off" the mountains to build houses and dress streets with, but let not the gentle reader be dismayed: there will be enough of them left to look at for several summers to come.

The Conway coaching parade comes off August 30, and after that the summer visitors will scatter like chaff before the wind, but the boarding houses here will have reaped a golden harvest, though their season this year has been some-

what shorter than usual. It will pan out about to the average, financially.

Next week I shall visit Upper Bartlett and Jackson, which are fully as noted as summer resorts as is North Conway, and lay still further into the heart of the immense and magnificent mountains.

### ONE WOMAN'S SOUL.

The years have brought me treasures,  
That I shall always prize,  
But none I prize more highly,  
Than the lovelight of your eyes.

The years have yielded honors  
And life's delightful charms,  
But nothing so delicious  
As the pressure of your arms.

I hope to dwell in Heaven,  
In blissful joys on high,  
But it were gall and wormwood,  
Without my darling nigh !

There 's glory in the zenith,  
When the sun flames up the sky,  
There 's grandeur in the tempests,  
As they go roaring by ;

There 's vastness in the changful sea  
And weirdness in the night,  
But in one woman's soul, my dear,  
Is all my soul's delight !



CHOCORUA.

---

My letter to my Rockingham County readers this week may be brief, perhaps not too brief, because I am in a hurry. Folks never ought to get in a hurry, but they do, sometimes. As I sit at my table by the window, with the Sunday sun streaming in, the masts of the shipping in Portsmouth harbor appears over the neighboring roofs. I jumped in here in a drenching rain last night from Silver Lake, Madison, N. H.

My second week among the mountains was filled with grand sights, especially from Upper Bartlett to Glen Station on the Saco. There is no prettier valley, it seems to me, in the world in the summer, than that one. The quietness, broken only by the wild shriek of some gigantic Titan plunging down from the Crawford Notch over the Frankenstein trestle, right out of the depths of the mountains, pulling its train of cars loaded with travelers down through this valley to the sea. In the winter, when the storm king holds carnival over the towering summits and the wild winds sweep blinding cloud billows of snow down through the funnel-like valley, it must be awful to see, and awful lonesome.

I went to Eaton after leaving Bartlett. There are two roads that go to Eaton and whichever road you take you will wish you had taken the other; that is trite, but true. Eaton has a pretty pond and a very pretty village at Robertson's Corner, however, that will equal anything in Alpine scenery, with its proper setting of hills and clouds.

For one whole day I revelled in the beauties of old Chocorua. This mountain rises over Tamworth like a mighty sentinel by a sleeping camp, and is one of the very grandest mountains in the whole White Mountain region. On its grim southern rock front is traced in living green a magnificently proportioned cross, and by this sign, among

others, it conquers you completely. A house has been built near the top of the mountain (as near as they could conveniently get), where you can spend the night for \$2; other things in proportion. I am saving my money for Christmas, so I did n't go up there. Mr. Sumner Runnell's of Chicago, superintendent of the Pullman car shops at Pullman, Ill., where the great strike was pulled off last year, has a summer residence in Tamworth, where he was born. Old Elder John Runnells preached here for 35 years, and they are now erecting a memorial hall in his honor at Tamworth Iron Works (there are no iron works there, by the way). The village will be known in the future as Chocorua, which is a prettier and more appropriate name.

I met a man here, aged 99, named Rishworth Dorman, who went South and got the "shakes" about forty years ago, and then shook the South and came back after a year; and has been shaking at intervals ever since. How old he would have been if he had n't got the shakes, I leave the reader to figure out. I saw another gay youth of 87, named Faxon Gameth, who was pulling his peas, about a quarter of a mile from the house, when I came by.

The country seems to be conducive to longevity. Among the familiar names I saw besides Smith, which I see everywhere, was Hobbs. Josiah H. Hobbs is a lawyer at Madison and a pleasant and genial man. E. C. Hobbs is a lumber dealer at West Ossipee. These Madison and Ossipee Hobbs families are sprung from the parent stock at Hampton, and whenever you find them you find some of the best New England stock. But my time is up and I must close for this week.



"THE BEAUTIES OF CHOCORUA."





## YOU 'LL BE TRUE.

If I had all the Benjamins  
That grow in all the wood,  
If I had all the arbutus  
So pretty and so good,  
I'd give them all for you, my dear !  
I'd give them all for you !  
For I know that you 'll be true, my dear !  
I know that you 'll be true !

If I had all the diamonds  
Rhodesia ever saw,  
If I had all the yellow gold  
That panting steam could draw,  
I'd give it all for you, my dear !  
I'd give it all for you !  
For I know that you 'll be true, my dear !  
I know that you 'll be true !

If I had all the teeming stars  
That deck the midnight sky,  
If I had all the years of now  
And the years of bye and bye,  
I'd give them all to you, my dear !  
I'd give them all to you !  
I'd live or die for you, my dear !  
For I know that you are true !



“mute inglorious” obscurity. At Salisbury I saw the residence of Senator Gallinger, by the quiet street, made more quiet than usual from the fact that everybody had gone to the Warner fair with his family or his best girl, and the village was largely deserted. I followed the old turnpike from here to Boscawen Plains, which, years ago, when “Boscawen did more business than Concord,” used to echo to the steady stream of traffic and travel of the old stage coach and freighting days before the steam cars had robbed the turnpike of its glory. This pike ran from Boscawen to Lebanon, some sixty miles, or more, over hill and dale.

---

### A WAY IN A WILDERNESS.

---

I blazed a way in a wilderness

Of creeds and dogmas grown in the past,  
Straight was that way as a line stretched out  
As is the line of a plummet cast.

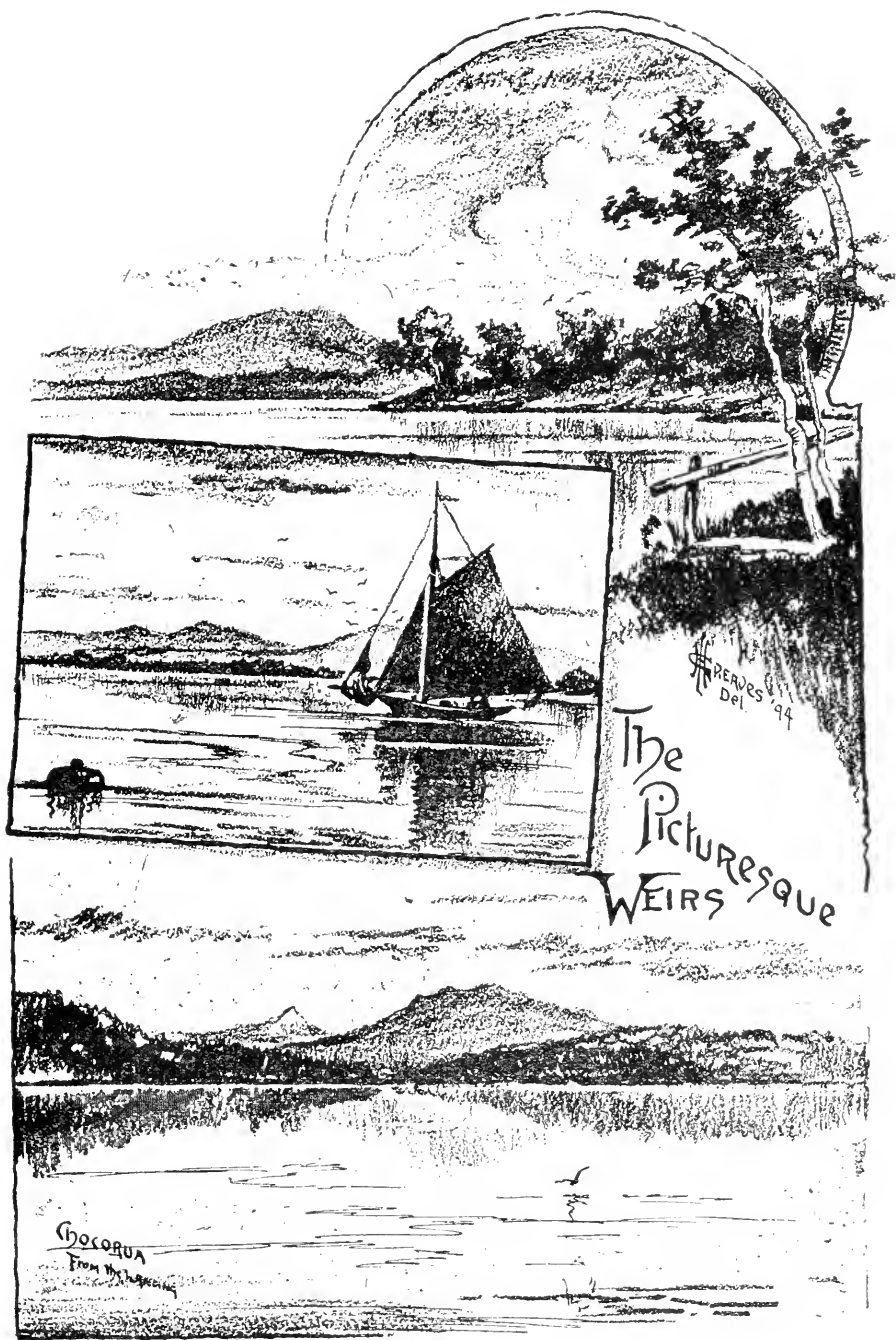
And I walked that way with a calm content,  
For my mind and conscience were well at ease,  
And I feared nor fawned to foe or friend  
I would neither hurt nor please.

My way was simple as duty's call,  
And the myths and fables of faded years  
Swept away like the wrecks on swollen floods,  
And joy took the place of tears.

And the feet of my soul walked in that way,  
And my eyes looked away to the soul of God,  
And my hands reached out and grasped the fruits  
That forever spring from a virgin sod.

For my thought was free to measure truth,  
And my mind to test each rising claim.  
But measured and tested, the balance just  
Should rest forever the same.

I blazed me a way in a wilderness,  
It was only *my* way to the life of grace,  
For others have walked in the self-same quest  
And arrived at the self-same place.



# REVERES '94  
Del.

# The Picturesque WEIRS

Chocoma  
From the Harbor

## IN THE MERRIMACK VALLEY.

As the Piscataquog River winds down from the wilds of North Weare it is joined by a branch from the southwest that rises somewhere in Francestown and flowing through New Boston, adorns the valley in which that snug village is ensconced. About a year ago the New Boston railroad was built from Parker's station on the North Weare branch of the Concord road and nothing now seems wanting to make it a cosy and beautiful summer resort.

I met here a blind man named Benjamin F. Whipple, who was shattered by an explosion of gunpowder in the days of the Lincoln and Douglas campaign "before the war," limbs mutilated, fingers torn off, eyes put out, body scarred in a dozen places. A sympathetic old lady looked him over, on one occasion, and then inquired, "was you hurt anywhere else?" On being assured not, she ejaculated, "How thankful you ought to be!" Did you ever notice the trait of patience and quiet happiness apparent in all blind men? My grandfather was blind for 40 years, a colleague in Manchester of the well remembered "Blind Libby" and also of Mr. Whipple, the latter being the only survivor. People who see less, think more, and more wisely, perhaps, than we who are easily excited by sights as well as sounds.

I met the author of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" and other stirring popular songs of a quarter of a century ago, recently, Mr. Walter A. Kittredge of Merrimack. He is now a somewhat feeble old man of 75, living quietly on his broad acres, surrounded by appreciative friends and neighbors, who are proud of having a man of national reputation among them. He is the author of several books and still writes occasionally for the press.

I passed through Northwood in the extreme northern part of Rockingham County, one day last week, and found it



very quiet indeed. The shoe shop of the Towle's is a heap of bent pipes and ashen walls and the people along the once prosperous village street are talking of removals to more promising fields of labor. There is some talk of rebuilding but nothing positive can be stated till the insurance has been definitely settled. If Northwood loses its shoe industry, it is hard to see how property values and the prosperity of the town can be maintained.

From Northwood my course lay through Pittsfield and Barnstead, the present terminus of the Suncook Valley Railroad. In Pittsfield the shops are running and business is fairly good. At Barnstead, the lumber mills are being operated, but the shoe shops, the main business of the town, are temporarily idle. The night I was there a barge load of mine host's family and neighbors participated in a corn husking. The red ears were brought out from their hiding places at the proper time, the corn (about three hundred bushels) was duly husked, the floor cleared, music, dancing and a "bang up" farmer's supper of pumpkin pie, baked beans, pickles, pastry and "fixin's" were enjoyed by half a hundred guests until long towards morning. Oh! there's nothing like it, and effete aristocracy of the city are not in it when it comes to a wholesome and wholesale good time.

Coming down over the Suncook Valley line isn't the pleasantest thing in the world, as Bill Nye would say. The road seems to be warped all out of shape and it takes absolute confidence in the management and a blind faith in an overruling providence to enable one to hang onto his seat as the cars go jerking and lurching around the wild and woolly curves towards the main line at Hooksett.



## THE CASE OF THE POOR.

-----  
Something they lacked  
In their elegant leisure.  
There was a yearning  
Still unsatisfied,  
A ghost of unrest  
In the midst of their pleasure,  
Cankering their portion  
And mocking their pride.

Among the bowed masses  
Of toiling and striving ones  
The spirit of unrest  
And bitterness lay.  
Toil had no voice  
To publish its age-old wrongs  
Nor ever had learned how  
To brush them away.

"Pray, what do you want?"  
Asks the pleasant old gent,  
Who has lived an easy life  
On his "Twenty-five per cent."  
And "What do you want?"  
Asks the innocent soul  
Who fattens from the profit  
On the poor man's coal.

"Say, what is it you want?"  
Queries Uncle Simon Pure,  
"My elegant cheap tenements  
Are good enough, I'm sure;  
And nobody can help it,  
If, in the course of trade,  
From sugar, oil and flour  
Our millionaires are made."

The preacher and the teacher  
And the men who sling the pen  
All fall in line and whisper  
That the problem staggers them.  
"And, really, brother workingmen,  
Our class would like to know  
What your class deems sufficient  
For your station here below?"

The toiler briefly pondered,  
And briefly made reply,  
Not wasting words to tell them  
The long tale of misery :  
“ Friends, would you really listen  
To the message from the poor ?  
Would you apply the remedy  
For all the wrongs of yore ?  
“ Would you stop the awful slaughter  
Where your millionaires are made ?  
Would you make the rule of justice  
The rule to govern trade ?  
Then let me tell you plainly,  
As one who deals in facts,  
We expect you generous people  
To get down off our backs.”  
The nice gent wiped his eyeglass  
And opined 't was too absurd.  
And the innocent coal dealer,  
He never said a word.  
While Uncle Simon stroked his chin  
And “ Thought the hairbrained elves  
Without the rich upon their backs  
Would go and ruin themselves !”

---

## IN CLASSIC EXETER.

---

I've been boarding round, this week, in classic Exeter, among the best families in town, and can testify to the quality of hospitality in the character of your people. The result has been that over one hundred and seventy families are now taking the *Gazette* who did not a week ago. It is curious what numbers of people go without any home paper because, and only because, they have not been approached on the subject of subscribing.

My observations of Exeter have been varied, and at times amusing. Every canvasser, for instance, has a considera-

ble acquaintance with that important personage, the family dog. Some very good families persist in keeping some very poor specimens of mangy, flea-ridden, homely and dirty looking canines. There is the big mastiff that leaps at you from his lair by the side door with a roar that jars your hat off, the ugly looking wolf dog, that approaches you showing his yellow fangs and growling like a gathering thunder storm among the hills. Then there is the snarling pup and the yawping spitz and dogs of all degrees of savagery, together with the really useful watch dog, who barks two or three times on your approach as a warning to the household, critically sizes you up, and then keeps his eye on you to see that you don't carry off the front gate. A dog on Vine Street was n't satisfied with looking me over, and tried to bite a chunk out of my leg, as a sample, I suppose, but he didn't succeed; my summers and winters abroad have rendered me tough. I was sorry for the dog, however, he looked so disappointed, and I know he won't try it again.

I saw on Front Street the stone erected on the spot where George Whitefield, the noted evangelist and founder of Methodism in America, preached his last sermon, September 29, 1770. The street is lined with great elm trees and as I passed beneath their classic shade retrospection peopled the campus and the adjacent academy grounds with the frolicking boys and girls and the staid men and matrons of long ago. How the years glide by eternally and these great trees, can they see and hear and know the generations as they pass beneath them? Daniel Webster, the venerable Benjamin Abbott, virtual founder of the school as Phillips was its originator, Palfrey, Everett, the unique Ben Butler, and scores of others made famous by their qualities of character and the fortunes of the times in which they lived; are the boys of today to furnish us with names as illustrious?

Exeter in form is like a half opened fan with the handle resting on the banks of the crooked Exeter River and the opened edges reaching out into the plains beyond the Bos-

ton and Maine Railroad tracks. Portsmouth Avenue and High Street forming the angles, while naturally the business end is near the bridge, one of the very oldest market places in New Hampshire, as Phillips Exeter Academy is the oldest chartered school in New Hampshire (1782). The people are mainly American and owing to the development of the shoe and other industries the town is now receiving accessions from other places, and at the west end considerable building is going on. It is curious, but true, that a canvasser will find people within a stone's throw of each other, the one family just about to move to Haverhill, for instance, in search of employment in the shoe business, the other family, just from Haverhill, seeking the same employment here. There must be a fascination in moving. One should be very sure he will better himself or else very much "stuck on the job," as there is but little or no money in it.

---

#### IF THEY WANT TO.

---

If women want to vote,  
My brother, what say you?  
Have they ever been found wanting—  
Is woman's heart untrue?  
Where dwell they in the city  
Or dwell they in the town,  
By hearthstone and by altar,  
They build and not tear down?

They walk with us in pleasure,  
They walk with us in pain;  
If we fall they fall with us,  
Into the depths of shame!  
And as we work together  
Let us together plan  
The building of the future  
For woman and for man!

## FLORIDA AND—SEABROOK.

*Facts About Florida.—The Old Gov. House in Seabrook.—  
An Old Stage Line.—Other Historical Matters.*

One of Exeter's many successful teachers was Benjamin Thompson, who for 14 years taught a grammar school there. I met one of his sons, John L. B., in Hampton last week. I also had a pleasant after dinner chat with Mrs. A. E. Drake, who for years has spent her winters with her family in Pomona, Putnam County, Florida. Pomona is 15 miles from Palatka, on the Jacksonville, Tampa and Key West Railroad and was incorporated in 1895. It is one of the few places in Florida where good water can be had, as it is located on the high pine land. The people are all from the North and of course the color line is rigidly enforced. You take a lot of Northern Abolitionists and colonize them in the South and they soon learn to love the black man—a good ways off. It's curious, but it's so.

Speaking of Florida, I'd like to be down there this cold weather and write you a few letters redolent with orange blossoms and the breath of the festooned groves. Not oranges with icicles attached, such as they had there recently.

J. Ed. Sanborn of Hampton Falls informed me that his apple crop was larger than last season, but there are not many taken that way around here.

As I stood in the yard talking with Mr. Sanborn, a road race from Amesbury to Whittier's Hampton hotel swept by, between a trotter and a pacer, owned by John Bakie and a Mr. Ready of Amesbury. I understand the pacer won, though an enthusiastic individual put his money on the referee, who with several carriages, passed about the same time.

A call on Gen. Charles A. Nason found him hearty as



AN HEIRLOOM.





usual, and interested in bringing up his salt marsh hay for winter use. The hay comes from Hampton marshes, where thousands of acres of level land is submerged by the tide each day. This land is owned in lots of varying size by farmers among the neighboring hills, who cut and stack it in mows on piles above the reach of the tide and get it away by means of gondolas and wagons. Home farmers secure from forty to fifty tons, though since the cost of labor has increased, it is not so popular as a feed as it used to be.

Among the ancient things I saw this week was an earthen vessel, owned by Mrs. Sarah E. Gove of Seabrook. Mrs. Gove lives in the identical house built by Edward Gove about 1650, not far from the present Parker hotel, he being one of three brothers who came over here from England about that time. The house has three brick fireplaces, an oven and boiler of ancient make, not now in use. The earthen vessel alluded to is also out of use, as it was unfortunately cracked in the hands of a Quaker lady named Hussey, who was massacred during an Indian raid in 1703. She broke it when she fell. I don't know but I have given you the same impression the fellow had who fell down stairs with a pitcher of milk. "Did you break the pitcher?" inquired his wife, in evident solicitude, as the poor man gathered himself up, "No, but by gosh I will," and he did.

The Amesbury and Exeter stage line is among the few that the advent of railroads did not break up, and one of the oldest in the country. As the road winds between the Kensington hills near Lamprey's Corner, it passes the pleasant home of J. W. W. Brown, whose father, Capt. Henry Brown, was for many years a sea captain and commander of vessels sailing out of Portsmouth. I saw his ancient rosewood writing desk, about eight inches deep by 16 by 24, and fitted with everything a travelling man could desire down to thimbles, thread and extra suspender buttons.

A picture of the good ship *Pallas*, sailing out of the har-

bor of Marseilles, France, into the broad waters of the Mediterranean, under a July sun, in 1829, adorns the sitting room wall. Also a lifelike portrait of Captain Brown, painted by the celebrated Paris artist, Scrolly, about that time. The captain died March 3, 1871. His son, who was in the ill-fated Custer's Brigade at Appomatox, recalls the historical fact that at the moment when Custer's boys were just about to charge a portion of the enemy, a courier came riding up with the information that Lee had surrendered. "It must be unconditional surrender, or I'll put my dogs in there," replied Custer, and that was what it amounted to, though the brave Custer was doomed to die, fighting merciless savages on the plains of Dakota, years afterwards, where there was death most grim, but no surrender.

---

### THE SKUNK.

---

On high old Luna shone,  
The balmy air was still  
Beneath the starry-spangled dome,  
On every vale and hill.

Had passed the summer rain,  
The lightning's flash and roar,  
The leghorns with the mother hen  
Were by the farmhouse door.

Like spectre of the night,  
A white streak moving by,  
What was it in the moon's pale light  
The hencoop that drew nigh?

Woke by the summer heat  
To note nocturnal sound,  
What means that frightened cheep, cheep, cheep,  
I hear in night profound?

Again and yet again,  
Five times in one short night,  
There is a hakes with the hen  
That sounds much like a fight.

To take things as they come  
 Is well, and when they go  
 To smile and of complaint have none  
 Our self restraint will show.

But when the tender chick,  
 So toothsome and so tame,  
 Is swiped in such a measly way,  
 I vow it is a shame !

We do our level best,  
 Our old hen shows her spunk.  
 But five of nine, it figures up,  
 Were gathered by the skunk !

Such luck, indeed, is tough  
 For all our toil and care,  
 And I allow 't is quite enough  
 To make a deacon swear !

## ALONG BY THE ATLANTIC.

*Another Old Powder Horn.—An Old Soldier on His Way  
 "Home."—The Life Saving Station at Rye Beach.—The  
 Story of Breakfast Hill.—A Stratham Veteran.*

Some one has very wisely remarked one thing leads to another. I've noticed it myself, and it is no surprise to me that I found the mate to Hugh Johnson's 1757 powder horn in the possession of Uriah Lane of Stratham as I went out on the North Hampton road last week. It was undoubtedly a Revolutionary relic and bore the name of Thomas Lane, North Hampton, also January 25, 1775. Thomas Lane taught writing school in Hampton for many years, and while the writing lacked the easy, graceful curves that mine is distinguished for, I should n't have hesitated to take his note, properly secured, in that chirography.

The home of Mrs. Mary C. Chase, where I passed the night, is on a ridge right across from the Exeter and Hampton "Bride Hill Road," and the well-known red brick schoolhouse where Mrs. Chase taught several terms of school. Her father, Henry Elkins, moved here from the paternal property of the Elkinses, the Jeremiah Elkins place, the house now occupied by Mrs. Patterson, and here he died in 1870, in a most singular manner. He had been to Sealbrook for hay, after the burning of his own barn by lightning the summer before.

It was a cold fall day and Mr. Elkins, chilled through by his long ride, left his hay at the barn near by and took the horses up past the house to the little woodhouse, being temporarily used as a stable. There was a hay loft in it and wide stalls. Mrs. Chase waited patiently for her father for a long time to come in and eat his dinner, but as he had men at work in the woods getting out the frame of a new barn, she supposed he had gone there. At last little Nellie went out to the stable and came in in the wildest alarm, "Grandpa was awfully hurt."

Mr. Elkins was found with his face, hands and body streaming with blood, bruised and cut horribly, and an ugly fracture of the skull. His sightless eyes protruded from his head, blindly seeking for the door of the stable. How he could have become so terribly lacerated except by repeated falls, no one could tell. He died in about three weeks, but was never able to tell his friends how his injuries were done. A brother, David Elkins, was killed by falling from the beams of his barn, some time before this.

I met an old chap on the Portsmouth road, walking slowly towards the city by the sea with the aid of a stout stick. His hair was curly and iron gray, his overcoat was buttoned close up to his chin and I opened upon him as a prospective subscriber to "the best paper in the county." "Say, stranger, is this the way to Tugus? I'm going to the Soldiers' Home; lost my ticket in Boston. I'm from Binghampton, Mass." My interest in the paper question

dropped suddenly, but my interest in the grizzled old veteran went up in proportion. Poor old man, trudging painfully along; once he marched away to the music of fife and drum, to face whatever the fortunes of a bloody war might bring him. Honor and protection is due to those brave men while they remain with us, and that war is 30 years away. How swiftly history is making!

From the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. Orin C. Corey my course lay around the point of Little Boar's Head, where the sea in front shone like burnished silver so brightly one could not look at it. The view was magnificent, but empty houses and deserted streets will be the order of the day till the roses bloom in June. I found a little more life at Rye Beach, and some improvements are under way.

On the cable road I called on C. O. Philbrick of the Washington House, who has grown up in the summer boarding house business, and has taken the *Gazette* ever since it started. On Locke's Point, Capt. A. L. Remick and the seven members of the life saving crew were practicing their morning evolutions and I was interested in watching the operation of firing a line over the mast of a supposititious ship in distress, and the imaginary saving of the crew and passengers by means of a moving basket over the said line. In all the years since the station was established I am told that no life has been saved, and wrecks are few and far between, but the boys have to be ready for business just the same, though it is little wonder if they become expert card and checker players; there is little else to be done.

I met Mr. Squire of the submarine cable station and gained some interesting information about the place and the manners of some of the visitors, who seem to take the station for a public museum, run as an annex to the summer boarding house business. There are others, of course, but this class make life a burden to the gentlemanly employ  s.

The author of "New Hampshire, a Slave State," might be interested to know that Samuel Marston, an uncle of Jacob Marston, bought two slaves in Cuba and placed them

on the Marston farm, near Breakfast Hill, in 1837. Slavery was abolished in this state soon after, however, and since then even Frank Jones has found that the lash of the slave driver was not as effective as "throwing down a little corn" in securing the faithful services of some people.

Oliver Berry told me of the origin of the name "Breakfast Hill." At the time of the Indian raid, when Capt. John Locke was killed, a number of prisoners were captured in Portsmouth and taken to this hill, where in the morning they were picketed on the Exeter side, while the Indians camped on the other side, for breakfast, expecting the whites would pursue from that way. The whites, however, came up from Exeter, and first securing the prisoners, fell upon the camp and surprised the savages so that they left their dishes hewn in the rocks right where they were,—and the school children say they are there yet.

---

### DEXTER FRANKLIN RICH.

---

A Letter to his Parents from their Brother.

There is a time for joy and a time for grief,  
 But your grief seems indeed untimely,  
 The eldest, the first born, the best and the truest !  
 He on whom, perhaps, you most depended :  
 " Fell on sleep." Strong hands folded forever  
 According to this earth, but God knows—  
 God knows the rest of the story !  
 Let us trust Him my dear, grieving sister !  
 My gray, silent brother, trust Him !  
 He saw the sparrow fall in the twilight !  
 And the poor lamb that strayed in the desert !  
 He does not willingly afflict us, and try us ;  
 And He gives His strength to His children  
 In the day of their visitation !  
 His ways are not our ways—not our ways !  
 And whom He loves well He chastens:  
 Think brother, think sister, remember

That you have no poison, no bitterness  
 In the dregs of the cup you are given.  
 His was a brief but a good life,  
 And his memory shall rise as a savor  
 Of life unto life, as a blessing  
 To whomsoever has known him !  
 For who ever found him with brawlers,  
 Or drunkards, or wanton carousing?  
 His mind was free from guile and his heart  
 Pure as the free winds of morning.  
 A friend he who showed himself friendly,  
 And ready to aid in full measure  
 Any who sought him in trouble.  
 I had rather be dead, now, as he is  
 Sleeping the sleep of a just man,  
 Than grown gray in ill-gotten heapings  
 Of plunder, or treading dark ways and evil.  
 Now my gray, silent brother, take heart.  
 Sister mine, God loves you too dearly  
 To smite, without sweet balm in Gilead—  
 To take from His loved, without recompense,  
 And whatever He does—It is well !

---

## BOUND BOYS.

---

*A Hampton Falls Man and a Stratham Man tell Claflin of  
 Their Experience When They Were "Bound-out" Boys.*

---

Before the war the custom of taking the boys (and girls) of poverty-stricken or deceased parents to "bring up," was more in vogue than it is now. There are many institutions where orphans are now cared for that had not then been thought of, and probably, also, there are laws which relate to the treatment of such wards which render their condition more tolerable and secure. There certainly is a sentiment abroad which it would not be safe to disregard, but the condition of the bound boy, especially before the war, was not one to be envied.

I have met recently, by chance, two men whose experience in this line would fill a volume. One of these is Mr. J. Ed.

Sanborn of Hampton Falls, living in a well-appointed farmhouse surrounded by orchards of apples, pears, peaches, plums and grapes, and so many acres, besides, as he cares to till, a retired plumber and gas fitter, he is enjoying the fruits of a busy and well spent middle life. Of his boyhood he said that, at an early age, his father and mother died, and he was taken by a stranger up into Central New Hampshire, where he was cared for much like a tramp cur, fed on the leavings, half-clothed, kicked, cuffed and pounded on the flimsiest pretexts and with great regularity and frequency.

Twice he tried to escape; once, when he was 12 years old, he got several miles from the house of his master and near a schoolhouse he was overtaken. School was in recess, and as his infuriated pursuer arrived there "he called to the boys to chase me," said Mr. Sanborn, telling them I had run away from home (home, indeed!). They chased and caught me, and my captor took me back home in front of him, whipping me all the way along the road. As we came into the dooryard, he came up behind me and gave me a fearful kick, from which I have suffered ever since. I was stunned momentarily, but when I got up he made me go into the house and get his 'wibbins' or reins, and taking me to the barn, he pulled me up by the wrists to the rungs of a ladder, and stripping me to the waist, belabored me till I was insensible, with a rawhide.

"Some time later I made another attempt to escape, and was successful by the aid of friends, who told me what my name was and hid me till I could communicate with some relatives, and afterwards I was assisted to learn a trade. Years afterwards I found out where my old master was living, and went to see him, but he did have intelligence enough to be ashamed to meet me, and got away from the house on some excuse, saying he would be right back, but he did n't come back, though I waited patiently for him, and I have never seen him since."

Mr. Horace J. Willey of Stratham, was born, I think, in



Portsmouth, but lost his parents at a very early age, and was "taken in" by a man from Farmington, who seemed to think that bound boys were a dispensation of providence, designed especially for the lordly caprice of their captors, to knock about and use for working machines as soon as they were big enough. "He had a wife," said Mr. Willey, "who seemed to hold about the same views, but whom her worser half held in considerable fear. His Nibs had a field of potatoes back of the barn and he used to take me, man Friday like, out into the field when I was nine or ten years old, to hoe them, and with many admonitions as to what I'd get if I didn't do my stint, leave me toiling among the tubers, while he spent his time 'cidering' at the saloon.

"When it came noon, his Nibs would saunter up to the field, yell for me to come up to dinner, and, as we went away and came up together, Mrs. Nibs gave her liege lord credit for more industry than he deserved. One night he had given me a 'stint' that I should not expect a grown man to do, and as the shadows settled down over the landscape I was still at it, tooth and nail, with five or six long rows still to hoe. His Nibs had been 'cidering,' as usual, and coming into the field at dusk, was wroth at my failure to finish the stint, so, creeping up behind me, he gave me my first knowledge of his amiable presence with a cruel whack of his club. I was divested of everything but my scanty shirt, to facilitate my work, and as I leaped up in terror, he caught me by the neck and soon tore that from me. I then made a break for the house, he in close pursuit. 'Don't go in there,' he bawled, 'go in the barn.' I went in and had just pulled on a pair of old overalls, when he came in. Tying a rope about my ankles he pulled me up, head down, to the beams overhead, and then welted me with a goad without reason or mercy. My screams aroused the neighborhood and a farmer living next door came in, and, first knocking down the brute, who was partly intoxicated, he cut me down in an exhausted and insensible condition.

"It was a year later before his continued abuse led the

selectmen to take me away from him and sent me to an uncle who lived in Portsmouth, who, strange to say, soon afterwards proposed to send me back again to Farmington. I concluded I would n't go, and unbeknown to my uncle, shipped aboard a coaler for Pictou, and was in that hire for some time. Hearing that my uncle was looking for me, once when in Portsmouth, I got away and drifted out to Stratham, where I have made my home mainly ever since. It sounds incredible, but it is true, that I was compelled to eat swill that I picked out of the swill-barrel and laid up on the beams to dry, not being allowed to eat at the table with the family. Often at night, when trying to finish a large stint, sewing shoes, I have dropped off to sleep only to be awakened by Mrs. Nibs with a tap on the head with a club, as she sat up and sewed by my side. The memory of those days comes to me now like a hideous dream, and today we cannot understand how such things were allowed to be."

---

## IN CARROLL COUNTY.

---

*In the Woods up in Carroll County.—The Story of the Cotton Ram.*

---

The ride by the way of Rockingham Junction, Dover and Rochester to Sanbornville, formerly Wolfeborough Junction, up in the woods of Carroll County, was characterized by plenteous rain, and I was glad to get off the dripping cars and change the monotony by a good solid dinner at the Junction House, kept by Landlord Remick. In the afternoon it was not quite so bad and I started out to inspect the lower half of Carroll County, the results of which inspection follow:

Carroll County was named for Charles Carroll of Carrollton, one of the most famous of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. It was partially settled at the time of the Revolution and has been about that way ever since.

I don't know as it will ever be fully settled, as there are not so many inhabitants just now as there were 30 years ago. It formerly was a part of Strafford County, except Bartlett, Jackson and Hart's Location, which it acquired from Coös in 1852. It was set up in county housekeeping by act of the Legislature in 1840, and contains 16 or 17 towns and about 18,000 inhabitants. North Conway is the largest town and depends upon its boarding house business mainly. Wakefield and Wolfeborough are both larger than Ossipee, the county seat, which was selected because it was near the center of the county. It is about four times the size of Brentwood, and has about the same number of post offices, besides the court house, county farm and jail.

I ran across the old Gov. Benning Wentworth Road, known as "Governor's Road," and running over the broken country, up hill and down dale, with no relation to the lay of the land. If it is true that a hill road is best for a horse because "they can rest enough going down hill to offset the pull going up," then this road, and lots of others round here, must be very easy to drive over, but I am not a horse and I can't say that I enjoy scaling mountains. I visited Cotton Valley and saw Cotton Mountain, from which three rivers flow in their devious ways to the sea. The Saco, the Piscataqua and the Merrimack; and this reminds me of the cotton ram story that I heard over at East Candia last week:

It seems that a certain old couple were in the habit of making everything they used on their farm for themselves, and thus beating the bloated monopolists that are ruining the country. One unfortunate day, however, they saw a web of cotton cloth and decided that they must have some. Not to be swindled by middlemen they fixed a day on which to go to the factory where the cloth was made, and buy some direct from the makers. The day came, but the old lady wouldn't go, as she had decided that they might as well "send out to Canada and get a cotton ram to run with their sheep, and raise their own cotton."



## EMMA.

My Emma is of pleasant face,  
And gladsome is her eye.  
What holds me? 'Tis her soul's sweet grace,  
Her spirit always nigh!

Ah! You may talk of wealth of gold,  
Of pearls and richest gem;  
But she to me is wealth untold,  
The best that comes to men!

When beauteous glows the morning sky,  
Or sunset's glory rare,  
My Emma makes it brighter still  
In spirit with me there.

Ah! Life would be an empty thing,  
Dear heart, when you were passed.  
Abide with me, and earth shall sing  
As long as life shall last!





WIFE AND HOME OF THE AUTHOR.



## SAM SMITH OF BRENTWOOD.

He was not a reminiscence by any means, and he wore his 70 hot summers and Arctic winters with more than usual grace. In fact, as he stood erect on the load of hay one day last summer, and drove up to the hay scales with his bronzed face, quick eye and hair in which what little gray there is doesn't show much; an old man, some years his junior, driving up in a buggy, accosted him with: "*Young man*, how much is hay worth?" I refer to S. A. Smith of Brentwood Corner, in whose comfortable home I spent Friday evening last, listening to stories of other days.

Miriam Taylor, who married Phineas Beede of Beede Hill, Fremont, the great-grandfather of Charles W. Beede, when a young woman, wove rag carpets for the scattered settlers, to earn the money with which to buy her wedding outfit. Then, with a young woman of the neighborhood, she made a trip to Newburyport on horseback, and purchased the same, bringing back a large number of bundles and packages, the nucleus of housekeeping. She died at an advanced age where she had always lived, at Beede Hill. In her later years she used to remark upon the different conditions now prevailing, and tell of how, when she was young, her husband used to toil till 12 o'clock at night at box making, and they would be up again at four o'clock in the morning, heating the old brick oven for breakfast.

Mr. Smith lived in Pelham in 1845, when they began to get out granite for the underpinning of the mills at Lawrence, then called "New City," and he has witnessed its growth to its present size. He was also acquainted with one of the principal witnesses who figured in the famous Parker murder at Manchester, in 1846. About 1840, he lived at Bridgewater, near Bristol, and tells a story of an exciting event in the old stage coaching days, when goods were taken up the Middlesex canal and the Merrimaek River to Concord and freighted to Franklin and Bristol with great six-horse teams.

There is a long hill leading down into Franklin town to where the old tavern of the Colby's stood, with stables opposite. Gustavus Bartlett, son of Ichabod Bartlett, who ran a general store at Bristol, was coming down from the north, along the winding, rushing Pemigewasset, cracking his whip over his six great horses to hurry them along, when suddenly he saw bearing down the long hill towards the tavern, the big, lumbering stage coach, bouncing from side to side, without driver, the six horses mad with fright, plunging and snorting in furious and wild career, straight by the tavern they came, so close that the hubs tore the shutters and easing from some of the front windows. Gus leaped to the ground and ran ahead of his team, and as the wild coach came on, sprang at the leaders and seized the bridle reins with giant strength. Up and down they swayed, and still onward, bearing the daring man along for several rods, but they were mastered, and the loaded coach was saved from wreck.

At the top of the hill the driver had fallen or rolled from his seat, whether from the effects of Old Medford or having sat up too late with his own Lucinda, I don't know, but the reins went with him and the lone passenger who sat by his side decided to follow suit. He jumped and landed on a pile of rocks, sustained a broken leg, and was found later with the splintered bone protruding through his leather bootleg.

It was about this time that the railroad was put through to Franklin, now New Hampshire's tenth city, and afterwards extended to Bristol, the late home of New Hampshire's war governor, Nathaniel S. Berry. Of Governor Berry, Mr. Smith recalled, that at one time, when he was a tanner in Hebron, a campmeeting was held there and a heavy thunder storm coming up in the night, a large number took refuge in Mr. Berry's house, he declaring that "he could accommodate as many as he had boards in his floor." That is the old New England spirit, and unless the writer is greatly mistaken, it is still extant outside of the cities, where the spirit of commercialism has largely supplanted it.



## BLUE DAY YARNS.

Away back in 1852 the good people of Hampton were stirred up over the shooting of a dog. Ordinarily the assassination of a common, good-for-nothing canine would not have raised a ripple in the community, but it seems that there were other and more exasperating circumstances.

Some of the young men had been disturbing the serenity of the local Methodist meetings; yelling "amen" at the wrong time; shouting "hallelujah!" when the deacons didn't think the general sense required it, and clapping and stamping when applause was totally uncalled for. These things had been going on, and while they



"THE MAJOR."

didn't have any special connection with the dog killing, still, when the deacon's dog, which from the days of his callow puppyhood had enjoyed the undoubted and undisputed right to rush out and assail every unlucky pedestrian with a string of high-keyed and unmusical barks, night or day, rain or shine, provided he was not sick or asleep,—I say when said dog rushed out that unlucky night wherein some person or persons to the deacon unknown, fed him on a diet of lead so that he expired, deceased and died, and was presumably wafted to the land where no one objects to such a harmless nuisance as a barking dog, the deacon's

friends of the Methodist persuasion concluded that some one must be made an example of, and so one of the "disturbers" at prayer meeting was singled out for the horrible example. It was a good while ago, and I'm not telling you what his name was, but I could, if the "major" told me straight, and I guess he did, but perhaps the lines of Elbridge Leavitt, a local poet, a brother of Deacon James Leavitt, late of North Hampton, will tell the story better than I can:

#### THE METHODIST DOG.

"The place was Hampton by the sea,  
The winter was fifty-two,  
The dog went out all in the night,  
As he was wont to do.  
Some ugly traveler passing by  
With a gun all in his hand;  
He shot the Methodist dog stone dead,  
As we do understand.

"In sackcloth they mourned for many a day,  
And spread the news around,  
To find out who did kill the dog,  
They said they were surely bound.  
They tried all round, they spied all round,  
But they could n't find out in the least,  
So they took up an innocent man,  
They said, for breaking the peace.

"In Portsmouth court they had him tried,  
They thought for to make him quail,  
But rather than to pay his fine  
He went to Portsmouth jail.  
He did n't stay there very long,  
So many friends he had.  
They all chipped in and bailed him out,  
Which made the Methodists mad."

I guess the Methodists got over it in time, and I know that some of the "disturbers" have since these many years given a good account of themselves by honest work in the amen corner.

It is said of Elbridge Leavitt that he went out in Gen. Gil. Marston's regiment to the defense of Washington and was at the first Battle of Bull Run. At the first volley from the enemy Leavitt dropped—with customary dull thud, but he took the precaution to roll into a hollow, and when the Yankees had got all they wanted and went charging heroically towards Washington, in their desperation secret-ing their weapons along the way, prepared if necessary to fight their way through to Washington bare handed, Leavitt waited until the coast seemed clear and then picked his way back to the Potomac *without a scratch*, and lugged three knapsacks and four guns on his back.

I am now going to tackle a live subject. That is, the subject of the following skit is alive, and hence I submitted it to him before sending it in for publication. He said it was O. K., and so there can be no kick coming from "yours truly, 'Capt.' John Lyman Lamprey, Hampton, N. H., and Washington, D. C."

The author is still at large!

#### THE PITCHFORK OF MASH HAY JOHN.

Sing ho-ya-ho for the mashes free,  
At the mouth of Hampton River,  
Sing ho for Bluff John Lamper-ee,  
May his pitchfork last forever!

For Hobbs' mash, where the high tide flows,  
For nineteen summers together,  
He's mowed across with his ten-foot swath,  
In every kind of weather.

With his pitchfork true and his good strong arm  
He has "straddled" the hay on the mashes.  
Full twenty-five ton, if there was one,  
Of the crisp and salted grasses.

And when the roaring winter winds blow,  
His pitchfork again he's swinging,  
And the twenty-five ton boats to Hobbs' barn,  
To the sound of his weird wild singing.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Twas the schooner *Frank*, in the swirling tides,  
 Bumped a hole in her planks abaft her,  
 And 'twas Cap'n John L. that trod the deck  
 Of the ill-starred "fore and after."

With a jolly crew and a gallon or two,  
 They toiled up the whale's back channel;  
 To Portsmouth town they brought her round,  
 And thus we end this annal.

If you doubt what is above said as to Cap'n Lamprey's "weird, wild singing," I wish you could have heard him the night I stopped at Sheriff Hobbs'. The "major" said it reminded him of the remark that John G. C——'s mother made to him one day when he was having a similar spasm: "John," she said, "if our old gray mare was as far from home as you are from that tune, she would n't get back in six weeks," and then the wailing ceased.

"If Cap'n Jonathan Godfrey was alive," said Cap'n John L. to me, imperiously, "he'd load his boath with granite, sir, and he'd wait till the tide was runnin' out at the mouth of Hampton River, an' he'd shove 'er down for all he was worth right thro' thet meesly drawbridge thet won't draw, an', by godfrey, then he'd steer right around ter Boston, he would, and he'd send word to Uncle Sam ter come and pay the damage, an' he'd see that a draw was built that boaths could pass when they was mind ter. That's the kind of cap'n he was, by godfrey."

---

### THE HONEST FORESTER.

---

He was an Honest Forester,  
 And he dwelt, one of three,  
 Within the shadow of a wood  
 Beneath a great Elm tree.

He had a strong and mighty arm,  
 He had a telling stroke,  
 And with his shining blade he cleft  
 The heart of many an Oak.

His neighbors they were shiftless men,  
Most shiftless drones were they,  
Who never had an extra stick  
In the fireplace to lay.

So now our Honest Forester,  
For twenty-seven years,  
His "back pile" never had he used,  
But only the front tiers.

At last a winter long and cold  
Had settled on the earth;  
The snow was overwhelming deep;  
Of wood there was a dearth.

His neighbors burned their fences up  
And fodder from the mow,  
And then they came to borrow,  
But he could n't spare it now.

For when he reached his rearmost pile,  
Amazed was he to mark,  
The worms had powdered every stick  
And only left the bark.

---

## BLUE DAY YARNS.

---

Stuttering Jim Chase lived in a red house "down" in Stratham, near the electric line to Portsmouth, and like David Harum, he was a close man in a horse trade. He swapped horses once with the late Charles Towle, who kept a stable for many years in Exeter, and after the transfer was effected some trifling defect, like a missing eye, or a disposition to "crib," or a propensity to elevate the heels unduly, or all combined, led Mr. Towle to entertain strong suspicions that he had been buncoed. So when Mr. Chase next appeared at his stable, he went at him furiously, and after laying down the laws and equities governing horse trades in general, and this one in particular, he closed by affirming that Stuttering Jim had got to give him more boot: "more boot, d'ye hear?"

B-b-b-bout how m-m-much d-d-d'ye want?" asked Jim.

"Ten dollars! ten dollars! Ye got ter pay me ten dollars I say, 'er I'll have the law on ye, d'ye hear?"

"I t-t-t-thought ye'd want b-b-bout fifty," said Jim: "b-b-but I say, pardner, a t-t-trade was a trade w-w-when I w-w-went ter school, an' I cal'late 'tis now, d-d-don't you?"

Boardman Brown, peace to his ashes, seems to have been a character prolific in quaint sayings and queer situations, and as he lived before the formation of the anti-profanity society, he may be pardoned for some of the former, and, in the interests of good humor, we might even thank him for the latter. He always suspected that a gentleman named Prescott, whose calling at least is no joking matter (he being an undertaker), undertook to put his Exeter friends "next" to his trials with a hot water heating apparatus that he got an Amesbury plumber to put into his big house over on the Kensington Road. The plumber had unfortunately mistaken his calling. He should have been a junk dealer or building smasher, as he contrived to split and tear the inside of the house hideously, arranged to knock off the plastering and incidentally create a nice lot of pipes and fixings to be sold to the junk dealer in the end. The arrangement was placed in the bottom of the kitchen range with pipes for water running up to the room above. The water was supposed to become hot and thus heat the winter atmosphere of Mr. Brown's sleeping apartment, but unfortunately that was what it would n't do. Mr. Brown fumed and swore, but while the apparatus plainly got him "hot under the collar," it did n't heat up the room. Whether Prescott was blamable in the matter or not, when next "Board." appeared at Exeter all his acquaintances from Luke Leighton's to the local bank, seemed to be "onto" his recent acquisition and appeared absolutely frantic to know how it worked, of course with no desire to encourage profanity, but—they might want such a device themselves, you know.

Board. said "don't ye do it: d—n thing don't work at all; goin' ter have it taken right out," or "I'd like ter know who in 'ell told you anything about it!"

Mr. Brown had a balky horse some few years ago, and as the time came for mowing his broad acres he, one morning, hitched it up with another onto his wide-cutting mowing machine. Then the fun began. The horse wouldn't budge. T'other was willing, but he was n't. After some time spent in fruitless endeavor, Boardman went over for Mr. Prescott to come and try his hand. Under his hypnotic influence the span was coaxed into taking a few turns around the dooryard, but this didn't suit Mr. Brown. "Try 'em out in the field," said he. "No use wasting time this way. Put down the cutter bar and be doin' somethin'." As soon as the cutter bar was dropped the balky horse refused to budge. This was too much! "I know what'll fix 'im," declared Board., making a break for the house, from which he emerged a moment later with a shotgun and determination writ large all over his face.

"Here," said Mr. Prescott, "I guess if there's any shooting to be done you can take the reins." A second later there was a tremendous report right in the rear of the balking animal, and Uncle Board. was kicked over twice, while the team, with reins dangling and the machine, with cutter bar flopping up and down, was making double quick time for the barn. A barn door ripped off and a pair of demoralized horses were the immediate results, while the late Jud. Perkins got an order for a new mowing machine in the afternoon. Frank Jones' maxim about driving hogs would have worked well: "Corn will go further than a goadstick," and "Good judgment is more potent than a gun!"

While on Brown stories, here is one that Warren J. Prescott told me, and allowing for poetic license, he'll swear to it as here set forth:

Board. Brown and Harrison Rowe, late of Kensington, having business in Portsmouth, drove over to Hampton,

where they left their team and proceeded to Portsmouth by rail. Having transacted their business, they were hurrying towards the depot, when Mr. Brown was struck by the idea that a jug of Portsmouth rum would be an appropriate gift to make himself; and Mr. Rowe, who was an accommodating man, though strictly temperate, went with him to procure the jug and contents. On arriving at the depot there were two trains ready to leave: an express that did not stop till Newburyport was reached, and an accommodation, which stopped at every station. Into the express got the two gentlemen from Kensington, and they were nearing Hampton when the conductor came along and gently but firmly broke the news that they would have to continue their journey with him to Newburyport: this notwithstanding that Mr. Brown swore at him in two languages, and called witness that he was a dirty, lowlived minion of a soulless corporation. Just then Charlie Robinson, the good-natured purveyor of sausages and dead veal, sauntered in from the smoker, and, turning a seat over, sat down to comfort the mourners. Spying the jug, and intuitively guessing its contents, drummer-like he could not resist a practical joke, so, dextrously with his feet, he edged the jug over under his own seat, all the while keeping up a stream of small talk, and as the train neared Newburyport, he became very voluble, indeed suspiciously solicitous in his advice to his two friends to be sure and jump as soon as the train stopped, as the "down" train for Portsmouth did n't wait, etc., etc. It was after Board. and his friend were safely whirling back to Hampton that he awoke to the fact that his precious jug was taking a trip to Boston without a protector, as he supposed. Charlie took care of the jug all right, however.

The year rolled round and summer came again. Mr. Brown and Mr. Prescott were haying on the "mashes." Thomas Milbury was also with them. The innocent and guileless undertaker had posted Tom on the jug business, and Tom had been telling Uncle Board. about an auction



sale of unclaimed baggage "up" to Boston, whereat Mr. Prescott had become the happy possessor of "a jug of new rum" for only 25 cents. "Oh, well," sighed Uncle Board, wistfully, "I'd a gin a quarter for that myself." At noon Mr. Prescott produced the jug filled with—water of course, and it was some sport to watch Mr. Brown, when he thought he was not being observed, as he squinted sideways critically at the jug to see if he could find the trade-mark of the Portsmouth firm, muttering to himself that "the blamed thing did look sunthin' like it, after all."

The last time Charlie Robinson met the undertaker he asked him if he'd got a message from Brother Boardman Brown recently, and the man of doleful duties averred that, as near as he could make it out, Board, was looking for another temperance town like Exeter, as they didn't have anything but water where he was!

---

## JURY STORIES.

---

Martin V. B. Gile of Raymond, who entertained the Rambler last week, is one of those genial and approachable men whom it is a pleasure to know and with whom one naturally finds a common ground of conversation. The talk drifted round to jury experiences, and as I have been there myself, I could appreciate Mr. Gile's position as a non-user of the filthy weed in a jury room, with 11 varieties of pipes belching out smoke from 11 kinds of tobacco and an all night session in prospect—raise the window, please.

One case tried was that of two young Irishmen, arrested for complicity in a murder that had occurred 12 years before. It seems that there was a saloon row on Water Street, in Portsmouth, in which a man was killed. The murderer dragged the body to the water's edge and got these two young men to row it out into the middle of the river and

sink it. Winter wore away and summer came with its warm currents and boisterous storms and the body in the bottom of the channel was loosened and thrown up on the Newington shore, where it was duly discovered and speculated over and the opinion prevailed that the victim was drunk and fell off the Kittery bridge, another case of "his own worst enemy."

But it chanced that a certain old gentleman of Hibernian descent saw the transaction of the sinking of the body, and after these long years, having a difficulty with one or both of the young men interested, concluded that it would be a pious idea to get even with them, so he had them arrested. The murderer himself was conveniently dead, and after hearing the case, the jury very properly decided that the young men were fully as innocent as the old sinner, who had seen a murder and kept his mouth shut for 12 years.

Among the most curious cases recalled by Mr. Gile was that of three brothers of Nottingham. It seemed from the evidence that they deliberately stole eight bushels of wheat, a large bag of salt, two bushels of beans and other stuff, and hid it under the floor of their barn.

The case was as clear as daylight and only one of the 12 jurymen had any idea, as they filed out of the box and into the "smoking-room," that they wouldn't get out of there till 10 o'clock the next morning, but it was even so. When a vote revealed the state of affairs a murmur of incredulity went round the room. Surely some fatheaded waybacker hadn't caught on, and another vote would fix him, but again the same result. They then took a hand vote and discovered who the culprit was. He was a young fellow who hailed from one of the Portsmouth wards, and as the time slowly dragged by and the smoke accumulated, and the rich, rare and racy stories, each and every one of which,—like A. Ward's "livin' wild animals,"—contained a beautiful moral, continued to enliven the night hours, one by one the 11 other fellows took turns in laboring with the "gentleman from Portsmouth," who maintained a stoical and

dogged silence. Gradually the hours passed and slowly the feeling of incredulity settled into one of disgust. They wanted to jam his head into the spit box and one enthusiastic individual offered to knock the above-mentioned head off him for a cent, but no one accepted the rash offer. Pressed for his reasons, the man from "Strawberry Bank" at last allowed cautiously that he "might get caught that way himself some time," and of course was n't going to be hard on a fellow craftsman. The observations of the judge on hearing the report from our foreman were eminently sarcastic.

The same two brothers afterwards drove to the house of a Mr. Fernald at Nottingham Square, in broad daylight, broke open a side door and stole a large quantity of household goods, the family being away in Florida for the winter. This time they were tried, and as no one on the jury had the peculiar scruples against the punishment of theft, they were sent to state's prison, where they richly belonged.

---

### THE GRANDDAD ORDER.

---

I've joined a-many orders,  
In my day and generation,  
Designed to foster brotherhood  
And fortify the nation.

The goats I've rode are legion,  
And some of them rode me,  
But I'm alive and hearty still  
And happy as can be.

And I was very much surprised,  
A week or so ago,  
To wake up in an order  
I'd joined and did n't know.

It 's a very noble order,  
And very ancient, too;  
It 's got the cream of every land,  
And it may yet get you.

'Tis venerable and honorable,  
And everything that 's grand;  
The noble "Granddad" order,  
The greatest in the land.

And the little lad whose coming  
Initiated me.  
I tell you, he 's a slick one,  
As you will often see.

And I feel ten years younger  
Since the mystic tie was made,  
And I joined the "Granddad" order  
(Which I could n't well evade).

---

## AROUND THE OSSIPEES.

---

At West Ossipee I met the genial postmaster, W. H. Hobbs, a member of a numerous and respected family in this section, that came originally from old Hampton by the sea, and had a pleasant chat. This is the place where the poet Whittier spent many summers, and the features of the landscape have been immortalized by his facile pen. I said immortalized—no, God Himself raised these seried ranks of eternal mountains, his mighty glacial plows furrowed these great valleys; here He dug a lake and there He ditched a river, but men have given them names, and genius like Whittier's has made them famous among men. I stand corrected, and Chocorua, Paugus, Wonalancet, Passaconaway, Whiteface, Ossipee, Kearsarge, Bartlett, Moat, the Presidential Range away back behind them, and summits unnumbered and unnamed, stand, and will stand, while men may come and men may go. Civilization may rise



THE WHITTIER PINE.



and fall around their giant feet, but they remain types of eternity, silent, grand, awful!

Leaving Chocorua village, formerly Tamworth Iron Works, I passed the lake of the former name and in due time arrived at Pequaket post office. This is about the only house containing a live white inhabitant for several miles, though it probably does a flourishing business in the summer season. This pleasant little trip of 10 long miles through Albany to Conway, reminded me of the blue jays Lon Moody told me about. He said that only two birds were ever seen in New Durham (that's in Strafford County, you know), and they were blue jays; when seen, the first bird was headed south singing "Lord Save Us, Lord Save Us," while the other was close behind crying "Clip it, clip it." I probably did all the business that could be done on that road, which was n't much, and I know that I must have felt like the aforementioned jays when I arrived at Conway Corner. Two days in the Saco valley, from the Maine state line to Glen Station, and beyond up in ancient Jericho, was more profitable to the *Pioneer*, and not disagreeable to Little Pitchers. I met ex-Sheriff John Chase here, a staunch supporter of Democratic principles and the *Pioneer*, and the genial John B. Nash, who stood up and took his medicine at the last election as the most available leader of the forlorn hope.

When Cyrus, the irrepressible, was up here during the campaign—at a rally—he called on the chairman to provide a glass of water, as Cy. doesn't drink anything stronger nowadays. Nash was in the audience, and immediately called out:

"I object!"

"Object to what?" demanded Cyrus, looking fiercely at the objector.

"Running a windmill by water," remarked Nash, and while the audience caught on, the services proceeded.

Suloway got even, however, by telling his audience Nash was n't of any account, anyway, as the representative of

New Hampshire industries. "Why," said Cyrus, "there are just three industries in Conway that I know of: An up and down churn and two farrow cows." He probably had n't visited the large spool and peg mills, the chair factory and the granite quarries of Conway; or else he exercised his versatile talent as an accomplished prevaricator. We don't want to be hard on Nash, for he's been good to me, but when it comes to that line of business he really ought to know better, after having spent a session or so with the "Tall Pine of the Merrimack" in the Legislature, than to try and match him.

---

### THE 'MOBILE AND THE HORSE.

---

When Gussie Von Devare  
From away off over there,  
Most any place you like,  
Comes tearing down the pike  
On his yellow juggernaut,  
His trail all smoking hot,  
You want to clear the way,  
For it really does n't pay  
In front of it to be,—  
You 'd better climb a tree.  
And Gussie says, you know,  
That the poor old horse must go!  
Now I 'll bet a hat,  
And a cookie top of that,  
That at least a thousand years  
After the 'Mobile disappears  
The faithful, safe old horse  
Will be racing on its course.  
The bike had done him up,  
The electric filled his cup;  
The new machine that flies  
Might sweep the sunny skies;  
But none of them will supersede  
Man's ancient, kind and noble steed.  
The horse it is that 's come to stay  
When all the fads have passed away.



SNOWVILLE AND THORN HILL.

---

It was 6 o'clock at Conway Corner one evening and I had just left the door of a house where the leige lord was going through the chairs at his lodge, and expected to bring home some visiting officers, so that entertainment for the Rambler was out of the question, when a team clattered by in the frozen road. The occupant stated that he was going out to Snowville. Could I ride? Yes, just as well as not, and as I was n't very particular where I went, I packed in and to Snowville I went, in Easton, six miles distant. Farmer Pumpkins lives in Snowville, and I stopped with Pumpkins. It's a secret, but I'll let you in. I think I'm some relation to the Pumpkinses myself.

Young Josh Pumpkins was at home and he entertained me during the evening, or, at least, until he rolled himself up on the lounge and went to sleep. I knew when he began he had something weighty on his mind and was uneasy under the unusual strain. He led the conversation cautiously around to the subject of Conway Corner, inquired if I was acquainted there. "Ever met Fred Green's folks? See a girl there 'bout nineteen?" He was playing his cards finely, trump was up his sleeve, one trick more and the game was his. Rising from the lounge, Joshua stepped to the cupboard and carefully pulled out a "fortygraff" representing a freckle-faced, stub-nosed goddess, whose languid eyes shone from under her light frizzes with captivating archness. "What der yer think of 'er," triumphantly. "She's a fine girl, Josh; who is she now?" "She's my girl, by gum, an' she's a daisy, too, if I do say it. Had a Christmas tree ter Snowville last week 'n' they all said my girl had more presents an' any other one there, an' she's worth every one of 'em too, every durn one." "That's so," said I, "and I'll bet you knew where some of those presents came from; now did n't you?" "You bet I did,

but I'd like to know who the feller was 'at put on the nigger baby, I'd punch 'is gol darned head for him."

The conversation lagged at this point. Josh had got the burden off his mind and felt better, and I turned to "Peek's Bad Boy" for recuperation. It isn't every day we meet with such a dear case of dead-goneness and it was indeed refreshing. I sympathized with him. Many years ago I was there myself and you know "all the world loves a lover," no matter how sublimely green he may be, but it was the young married woman whose husband was out in the logging camp that broke me all up with her tender solicitude, as to whether David would come home next Saturday or not. She made her home with pa and ma, up near the intervale, where I stopped one night, and she rung the changes on "say, marm, do you think David'll walk down home next Saturday ter spend Sunday?" Marm was more practical. "Naw, Sal, I don't; he ain't like to; if he comes, mind ye, he'll ride; ye need n't look for David Croase a footin' all the way down here jest ter spend Sunday with you, now, I ken tell ye." Sal has n't been married as long as her marm has and don't know so much about the ways of a man. Probably she won't be so refreshingly simple later on.

One night I stopped next door to an old cobbler at the foot of Thorn Hill, and as my overshoes were rapidly going to that crass-heeled and seedy-soled state from which no overshoe returneth, I visited the old man for repairs. A lonely old fellow he was, with long hair and a "Si Prime" cast of countenance, who had been keeping bachelor's hall since the death of his companion, some years before. He was wedded to his lasts and had soles for his hire, and I verily believe that in the solitude of Thorn Hill the old man threw off a quarter from the cost of my job, to make me company, such as it was, for an evening.

When the job was done I tentatively suggested that I had heard that he was fond of music. "Oh, yes;" said the old man, "just a little, and if you like I'll give you some,"

and he opened a black ebony case that sat on the deal table at the side of the room, and began winding it up. This machine played us six different tunes, three times over. Then he had an American hand organ with the tunes upon little round rollers, about seventy-five of them, which he ground out with considerable satisfaction, winding up by producing a German music box that went with a crank and played not less than twenty waltzes, quadrilles and polkas from sheets of music that looked to my untutored eyes like perforated chair bottoms. I undertook to turn the crank and play two or three of the tunes, but I noticed that the old man always played them right over after me, so I guess I did n't get the right twist to the handle. It takes skill to run a hand organ.

It was past nine o'clock when I gathered up my over-shoes and umbrella and launched out into a rain-driven and turbulent night, leaving my cobbler friend with a jewsharp, harmonica and fiddle still to hear from. That night was the worst one I ever saw for rain, such a one as preceded the great slide at Jefferson a few years ago or that other remarkable devastation in the Willey Notch, of more than half a century ago, in which a whole family were swept with their farm and buildings down into the jaws of the mountain. I half expected that the side of Thorn Hill would come unbuttoned from the everlasting rocks and bring up in the Saco, half a mile below; but it did n't, and the next morning, about eight o'clock, as I stood on the piazza and watched the steady downpour, I descried a light spot in the gray cloud banks. Five minutes later the storm had ceased. The winds of the free heavens had swooped down over the crests of the eternal mountains and like the phantom army in Longfellow's Beleaguered City, the threatening battalions of leaden clouds were chasing themselves, so to speak, down and out of the smiling flood-swept valley, while the morning sun swung gloriously over the cone-shaped crest of old Kearsarge.

## LEFT! MAJOR COFFIN AND FRIEND HOBBS.

The middle-aged, red whiskered man who took the Portsmouth train at Hallsville might have been an alderman from Ward six, Manchester, or he might have been a Russian Nihilist, according to your fancy. Certainly he had the calm complaisance of a major domo and the easy strut of a man well pleased with himself as he swung down the aisle, and after depositing an ancient brown leather grip in the far end of a seat, proceeded to occupy the other two thirds of it himself. The train snorted and swung around the bend and the landscape out by Eaton heights shot past in panoramic swiftmess, and he of the red whiskers calmly took it all in for perhaps three blissful moments. Then an uneasy expression flitted across that part of his countenance exposed to view and the gentleman began to get red in the face and excited about the eyes. Had it been summer and at a picnic it might have been a case of ants up the back. A hurried examination of various pockets—what a lot of pockets one will find about their clothes sometimes—seemed to confirm his worst fears. He looked up and down the car anxiously and then at the bell cord desperately; the conductor and brakeman were both conspicuously absent. Then the other passengers were startled by the sight of a rather stout and somewhat nervous man with a grip tightly clutched in one hand, making a wild dash for the smoker, at the rear of which friend Ring was roosting on the arm of a seat, blissfully ignorant that anybody got on at Hallsville. To pull the signal cord and slow up at Massabesic Pond was the work of a moment, and after Conductor Ring had thoughtfully collected 17 cents, the man with the red whiskers alighted and the last seen of him he was making good time walking back home.

Reader did you ever—but I won't ask you right out, if you never have got left you can't have any sympathy for

me. I have, but I arrived at West Epping all right by the next train with all my papers, and after wandering over the landscape over towards Fremont and Brentwood, then up by Folsom's box shop, which is now shut down, throwing eighteen or twenty men out of work, and into the neighborhood of the Sanborns, Floyds, Nichols and Johnsons, till long after the twinkling little stars had peeped out of the winter night I camped down at Frank S. Prescott's neat and roomy residence on the Nottingham Road. Here, during the evening, among other things I was shown a lot of very interesting old china, heirlooms in the family, and a picture, the property of Louisa Blake, Mrs. Prescott's mother, painted on a planed pine board about two feet by 16 inches, I should judge, the work of a certain Major Coffin, who was taken prisoner to Halifax, N. S., during the War of 1812. The picture represents the buildings in the prison yard and the adjacent waters of the bay. A little building to the left of the picture was used by the men as a school, and Major Coffin, who was a well-educated man, employed his time in teaching the boys confined with him the three R's so essential in connection with common sense to every day business affairs.

I think Major Coffin, after his confinement, returned to Epping and died in this neighborhood, but for the benefit of "J. H. W." of Newfields, and other good friends who have advised me to "take notes, and above all take accurate notes," I would say that I am not writing with any pretense of historical accuracy, and while I have no aspirations to the distinction of being an accomplished prevaricator, neither would I have any one put up any good money on the correctness of all my statements.

I intended to call on my friend Smith on my way to Exeter (that is his real name), but when I saw one of those little colored cards up by the door with directions how to avoid scarlet fever, I concluded to follow the directions and went right along without trying to take anything at that house.

Even an agent knows when he has got all he wants.

My readers have often seen more or less interesting accounts of where I have stopped over night on various occasions. I might insert here for your edification an account of a place where I didn't stop one night this week, which had an intense interest to me at the time, but the more I think of it, the less I think of it, and on the whole, I won't.

At Friend Harrison Hobbs' comfortable home, where the latchstring always hangs out, I found that some changes had taken place since last I was there, and that Sadie, whom hundreds of people all over the county had claimed as their own, as a correspondent for the local press, had been appropriated by Howard Lane, an enterprising young man with excellent taste.

During the evening a neighbor happened in and stories were in order. As I am not much of a story teller myself, I'll give you a couple "that were told to me:" In Hampton Falls there lives a lady who assisted in a historic incident that happened at Concord, Mass., in 1859, or during the red hot abolition agitation participated in by Garrison, Whittier, Phillips and others, just before the war. One of the "others" was Dr. Franklin B. Sanborn of Concord. One night he was called to the door by a peremptory rap. When he was seized and dragged out by masked men, supposed to have been emissaries from the South, and but for the interposition of his sister, the lady referred to, and neighbors summoned by her outcries, he would have been kidnapped and perhaps murdered.

That's a gruesome tale; here's a more cheerful one: Old man Beals had five or six old maiden ladies in his family whom no census enumerator ever cajoled into giving their exact age, though why I could never understand, and naturally it was a grand occasion when one of them up and got married. The feast was spread with everything stomach could wish for. A big wedding cake in pyramid form to be cut last, and preserved to sleep on, of course, adorned the center, while old man Beals filled the post of

honor adjacent. "Well, gals an' boys, take holt an' help yourselves," remarked the old gent, as he stuck his knife into the pyramid and sliced off a generous piece. The young folks were horrified: proffers of rich white turkey meat, puddings, tarts, candies and nuts were of no avail. Mr. Beals was very set in his mind, and with the grim remark that "This 'ere wedding cake is plenty good enough for me," the old man kept sawing into it and hurt the looks of it a good deal before the rest of the crowd got their souvenirs. Another case where the old man had n't got his instructions beforehand, I suppose.

---

### HIM AND HER.

---

If you meet a slim Jim,  
With a shifty gray eye,  
And a forehead that slants  
With the line of the sky,  
With thin, straggling hair,  
And a limp as he goes,  
And a meal sack and bean pole  
Hang of the clothes,  
That 's him,  
That 's Slim Jim!  
One shoullder its bad padding shows!

If you see a sour mung,  
With an eye like a cat,  
And hair puffed far out  
With a big, baggy rat,  
With a smirk for a smile  
And a brassy red face,  
With a voice like a file  
And an absence of grace,  
That 's her,  
She 's a burr,  
She 's a wilted and worm-eaten rose!

## “FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.”

---

*Some Rare Old China.—Frank Jones' Farm Described in Poetry.—A Man who Followed His Father's Ideas.—A Visit to Guinea.—The Man who Lost His Scalp.—A Town that is Laid About.*

---

From Greenland's icy mountains to Seabrook's ample sands, via Stratham, Exeter and Hampton Falls, has been the tenor of my way for the week past, and as most of my readers know the lay of the land, descriptions are unnecessary. James P. Brackett of Greenland showed me one of the finest closets of old china I have seen yet, filled from top to bottom "chock full:" but, bless you, he don't use it. I dare say it has n't been used twice in 20 years. It has been a prey to the relic hunter also. About two months ago a "New York business man" came over from Portsmouth with a friend to look over the old china closet, and unbeknown to Mr. Brackett made a selection of some of the choicest pieces, which he took away with him. I don't say that Mr. Brackett kept his eye on me while I was near the closet, because he has a better opinion of the Rambler, and old china isn't in my line, any way. The limits of this article forbids an extended description of the numberless ancient and rare things in the Brackett homestead, but if space will allow I should like to place before my readers the following interesting lines written by a friend on the occasion of a visit to Hon. Frank Jones' farm, near Portsmouth, the descriptive part of which I think will strike a responsive chord in every one who has visited the same:

In walking o'er the velvet green  
 The city is plainly seen,  
 The impress of His holy hand  
 On every leaf and flower.  
 The highland art is brought to view





THE KING'S HIGHWAY IN STRATHAM, N. H.



In colors purple, pink and blue,  
Of every shade and every hue.  
I thought no bud from earth or air  
That ever grew, but what was there;  
And charming figures meet the eye  
On every path we tread.  
Here science, art and wealth combine  
To please the eye and cheer the mind.  
These buildings, ever tall and fair,  
Rise like our mountains in the air.  
The walks and drives are opened wide  
For me and all mankind beside.

O! Noble man, thy name shall be  
Honored alike o'er land and sea;  
The grand old ship that bears thy name  
Will waft to other lands thy fame.  
This motto, sir, do not forget,  
Excelsior lingers round thee yet.

My friend very kindly discovered in me a likeness to this "noble man" referred to, and while he saw in a modest volume of home-made poems I sell occasionally, a strain of Byronic genius and in my red whiskered visage the Napoleonic Jones cast, I sadly remembered the remark that the Hon. Frank made to me about five years ago to the effect that I was the "biggest d—d fool he ever met." Evidently tastes differ.

Next morning, when I arrived at James W. Foss', I stopped a minute or two to warm up, and heard a number of interesting things relating to politics in the ante-bellum days when James Foss, Sr., was in the state Legislature and Senate, 1842 and 1850, and later, when the Republican party was formed. Mr. Foss, to illustrate a well-known trait of party prejudice, told the story of a man whose woodpile was always located under the wide-spreading branches of an elm, where the sun and air were comparatively deficient and the wood never got dry: "Why don't you pile your wood out in the sun," he was asked. "Well," he replied, "here's where father always piled his wood an' grandfather before him, an' by crutch! if it's good enough

for them it's good enough for me." Mrs. Foss has a "Masathusits" Pine Tree shilling, An. Dom. 1652, with the word "New Englandom" on the reverse side. Mr. Foss also has a watch owned by his great-grandfather, Shipmaster William Badger, who built over one hundred ships at the Badger Island shipyard, near Portsmouth, in the good old days.

I was in Guinea this week, not near the seat of Cleveland's late war in South America, however, but a suburb of Hampton, where lives John F. Williams, who during the Civil War was a recruiting officer, sending, I believe, more than two thousand men to the front. His father, Robert F., from Williamsburg, Mass., traveled through a large section of New Hampshire, many years ago, setting scions of apple and other fruit very extensively. In 1828 the same gentleman, in company with the owner, traveled and gave exhibitions of the first locomotive engine ever in the state. They would run the engine the long way of the hall, Mr. Williams acting as engineer, and always brought down the house when they hitched onto a truck load of passengers or freight and pulled it over the track, explaining that thus they proposed to run over the hills and valleys of New Hampshire in the future. It looked like a pretty good joke in 1828.

I dined Wednesday in a house over two hundred years old, the home of Monroe Holmes. A little later I called on a stanch friend of our paper, Mary Batchelder, and from there rattled away down on the marsh towards Hampton Falls Hill, in a hayrack after marsh hay. The springs were not very elaborate, and a short ride sufficed me to conclude that walking had its advantages.

Any one who has ever stopped at George W. Chase's, where I spent Friday night, will bear me out in the assertion that George is good company, but as the *Gazette* is not prepared to enlarge to 16 pages just at present, I refrain from telling what I can remember of his stories—of course there was much that I forgot. As I remember it, Mr. Chase

and some friends were on the track, one night a few years ago, when a Pullman came whizzing by, without a head-light, in a heavy fog, the same train that struck Mrs. Dow's milk team at Hampton Falls Station. It was going at the rate of a mile a minute, and made kindling wood of the wagon and mincemeat of the horse (or perhaps sausage meat, who can tell?).

Another time Mr. Chase and a friend alighted from a rapidly moving freight train, near Seabrook Station. Mr. Chase assuming the well-remembered Lord Walker stride as delineated in the picture books, and making "45 feet at three steps," while his friend was less fortunate, striking first on his feet "bounding 30 feet in the air he came down on the end of a tie, on his head, and tore the whole scalp off, so it hung down over his face like a leather apron. I examined his skull," said Mr. Chase composedly, "and thought the crooked marks where it knit together were cracks, but he seemed to be a little sprung and light headed, so I told him it was all right, clapped the scalp back on and tied it down with a handkerchief." Life can hardly lose its interest for a Rambler like me, while such accommodating historians as Mr. Chase remain with us and beguile our leisure.

As I passed through Seabrook I saw not less than four fine new houses that were built within a year, and whatever it may have been, it certainly is not now the low down and forsaken hole described by the poet when he sang of a certain community:

Their only wish and their daily care,  
Their single thought and their constant prayer,  
For the present world and the world to come,  
Was a string of eels and a jug of rum.

Seabrook has been lied about. It has a hospitable people. It is near larger towns and it has on the ocean road, some very eligible sites for summer residences. It is bound to grow, I think, as the years go by. May its prosperity never grow less.

RELICS.—THE SALVATION ARMY.

---

Another gentleman I met who interested me was B. F. Carr, who happens to wear the same name that my wife did before she reformed. He told me the Carrs settled on Carr's Island, opposite the chain bridge at Newburyport: that the late General Carr, formerly lieutenant-governor of New York, was sprung from that family, and that a certain Richard Carr moved to Gilford, N. H., and settled there, who may have been the great-grandfather of my wife. I don't know whether he settled everything or not, that isn't material, but I was chagrined to learn that Carr's Island is now converted into a beer garden and doing a rushing business. In view of my temperance principles I shall never take my wife there to look up family heirlooms. They have probably been smashed up for the scrap heap long ago and only the name clings to the sacred spot.

Speaking of relics, I secured one at the home of a friend, J. L. Eaton, on the South Road, in the form of a poem over a hundred years old, and by it I infer that there were poets as well as other things, in those good old days, and human nature was much the same as at present:

“The other night as I did creep  
Into the bed to take some sleep  
In Morpheus' arms, with hope to find  
Some rest in body and in mind,  
As a pilgrim in a dreary track  
Throws off the burden from his back,  
Reclines in shades where zephyr brings  
Fresh odor on his balmy wings.  
In gentle stream the waters roll  
And animate a fainting soul  
The tuneful tribe now plumes its wing,  
As virgils stand, nor cease to ring,  
The leafy pines their homage pay,  
Objects around invest the way,

The calls of nature then we heard,  
The rustic traveller obeyed.  
Upon a bank his eyes did close  
And there he sought a short repose.  
Mercurious opens wide its gate,  
Imposing dreams into his pate.  
Fancy now waves the Edon wand  
And spreads new views on every hand.  
One thousand phantoms crowd along,  
Or ghosts, or fairies, join the throng.  
Such terror on the mind impress.  
His teeming mind creates the forms  
Of raw head and bloody bones.  
Friend, I own I have no notion  
To picture out this strange commotion.  
A fancied evil may supplant  
Poor pilgrim's lot;  
The noxial bugs have me besot!  
Their arrows from their quivers take,  
My naked sides they lacerate;  
The hostile crew both sting and bite,  
Disdain from fear to take their flight,  
They rather die in such a cause  
Than cease to wound one with their claws.  
Now I conclude a sad relation,  
Anent the fair, this exhortation,  
Such enemies you must destroy  
Lest they our beds should oft annoy.  
The poet will, be sure, complain  
If he is bit by bugs again."

This remarkable production, on a little piece of crumpled yellow paper, was found in the Lucinda Martin house in Kensington after her death, about a year ago, aged 85, and there is no question as to its age. The author has struck a responsive chord in every human breast. The date upon it is July 10, 1789.

Friday night I enjoyed the society of Claron T. Tuck at Newton Junction and listened to his interesting experiences and observations in Salvation Army work, in his capacity as a special staff captain stationed at Manchester, Portsmouth and at other places.

Perhaps there was never a tougher character in the city of Haverhill, Mass., than Johnny Mahoney, a city employee in the street or fire department, I do not remember which. He frequently attended the meetings of the army for the purpose of having a little fun, but somewhat unexpectedly to himself he happened to get converted, and then it was different. For four years Johnny was a zealous soldier and officer, though when he first went to the penitent form I'm told the City of Haverhill offered to give the army \$100, and Johnny a new suit of clothes, if he held out a year. It was four years later that poor Johnny Mahoney, in a moment of weakness, superinduced by the poor water at Salisbury Beach, took to alleged pop beer as a substitute, and whether the beer was drugged or just the ordinary Salisbury Beach article of commerce, it cut short poor Johnny in just 48 hours. Mr. Tuck opined that taking Johnny's past and the temptations and snares of Salisbury Beach beer into consideration, perhaps merciful Heaven could afford forgiveness even for a sin like his.

The old gentleman I met at South Kingston was a little deaf, and evidently did n't get the drift of my remarks, for after I had diligently opened up the newspaper question to him, and he had gradually grown red in the face, and more or less excited about the gills, he roared out: "I won't pay it, sor! It's a fraud, so it is. The estate is settled, sor, an' 'hu took it anyway?" Time wasted: he was probably deaf as the proverbial adder.

It was here also I heard of Dana Drew, who was in the clutches of one of those grasping Haverhill landlords, and had been for about nine months. As usual the landlord was storming around one day, after the rent, which Dana indignantly refused to pay. He never had paid any, and he never would, but he was willing to be fair about it, so he proposed to his merciless persecutor that "he (Drew) would move if he (the landlord) would hire the job wagon." It does n't pay to be mean and small even with a landlord.



BARNUM'S AMIABLE GORILLA.

---

A gentleman named Barnum, who formerly lived at Bridgeport, Conn., owned an amiable gorilla that would swallow everything in reach, from a plate of beans to a stove lid, and sometimes both of them, with great satisfaction, and his reach was tremendous. His long, slender arms were constantly pawing around for more. He had one good quality, however, he was never known to lay finger on anything which he couldn't reach. He drew the line there. Sometimes things would come up to disturb his serene disposition, though not often, and then he would turn them over with a mild surprise beaming in his benevolent countenance and perhaps a smile would play about the corners of his mouth, which tied in the back of his neck. Some inquisitive soul may want to know what all this has to do with my rambles. Mr. Barnum is dead and the gorilla committed suicide trying to swallow himself some years ago, but the point I wanted to make was—that is—well, it's really gone from me at this moment. The above are the facts and the reader is at liberty to make his own application.

Just beyond Hampstead "Peak," at the home of Luther Webber, I saw a copy of the *Ulster County Gazette*. I try to keep up with the times, but can't always do so back in the country, where this paper reached me. It was dated Saturday, January fourth, 1800, and contained, between turned column rules, an account of the death, on December 14, 1799, of George Washington, who formerly lived at Mont Vernon, and of his burial shortly after, with President John Adams' proclamation, the proceedings of Congress in relation thereto, and gave the names of the pall bearers as Colonels Sims, Ramsey, Payne, Gilpin, Mars-teller and Little. The paper also contained a broadside of advertisements of runaway slaves, negro "wenches" for

sale, etc. I looked the paper all over to find out where Ulster County was located, as I am anxious to buy a few slaves if I can get them cheap enough, but the paper did n't say. That night I stopped at Dr. Jekyll's (beg pardon, Mr. Hyde's), at Hampstead, and I want to say that Mr. Hyde is n't half so bad a man as Robert Louis Stevenson said he was. I've always thought that R. L. S. was a little off his base when he told that yarn, anyway.

Tristram Little, a gentleman over eighty years old, recalled in connection with my allusion to Gen. Nathaniel Peabody some time ago, that his widow, Abigail, died at her brother's, Daniel Little's house (where Tristram and his grandson, now live), February 8, 1831. General Peabody spent much time and money in the service of his state and country, as history abundantly shows, but not being among those choice spirits "the fittest to survive," in his old age he was thrown into Exeter jail for the crime of being in debt. The jail would have to be enlarged materially if the laws regarding this subject had n't been amended since that time. Mr. Little remembers, when a lad of five, going to see his uncle in a yard near the jail, were some tremendous great squashes which Master Little was gravely cautioned not to steal. "The fact that the squashes were bigger than I was, impressed the incident on my mind so I never forgot it," said Mr. Little.

Mr. William M. Cragin told me about a certain Capt. Elias Boynton of Temple, N. H., whom he remembered seeing as a boy, who was a soldier at Bunker Hill and lay in camp with Washington at Cambridge. They were quartered in a two-story dwelling house next to a poultry yard in which were a lot of hens, turkeys, etc. "The days of witchcraft were gone by," the old gentleman used to say, "but I saw some wonderful sights in that hen yard. Now an old gobbler would stop and look up at the windows where the men were quartered, then he would stop to inspect something on the ground, suddenly he would start as if moved by an irresistible impulse and make a bee line for

the side of the house, nor would he stop when he got there, but with wings flapping as if bewitched he would walk right up the clapboards and into the open window. Turk after turk, and even hens, performed this remarkable feat, but—"they never came back." "I am inclined to think that our forefathers were as little particular about where they got their fresh meat as I am about quoting accurately, but the above is the substance of the story. Captain Boynton used to be visited occasionally by Gen. L. Miller, commanding at the battle of Niagara, who was afterwards appointed governor of one of the new territories.

When a doctor lives near a fresh young graveyard, I'm afraid of him. Wow! I wish those crematories, one for each county, built in the midst of a beautiful park with fountains and flowers and statuary, with a gallery of busts and casts and portraits of the departed (by busts I mean their final busts, not such as they had in early life), I wish those crematories would hurry up and come in vogue. It's late in the nineteenth century, the twentieth is at the doors and yet we continue to plant our loved ones in their wormy beds in the same old barbaric way. Dr. Elmer E. Lake of Hampstead does n't live very near a graveyard, and I think he hates the sight of one as bad as I do, so I accepted his kind invitation and spent Wednesday night at his roomy residence. Dr. Lake is a native of Haverhill, Mass., a graduate of the University of Vermont, has had a large practice and is deservedly popular. When he was building his telephone to Arnold's store in Danville, one old gentleman was going to prosecute him for cutting off a few limbs that interfered with the line by the roadside. "Court sits tomorrow, and I'll have you shoved for this," cried the man in high dudgeon. "I told him I did n't know much about law," said the doctor, "though I happened to know that it would take about thirty days' notice to get down to business, but as he claimed he did. I told him to go right ahead, and that was the last I heard of it. One of the workmen, after looking the wire over, very carefully shutting

one eye and squinting at the end of it critically, gave me the alarming intelligence that there was n't no hole in it for the message to go through, and another old fellow told me that I'd have to put solder on the ends of the wire before I could send anything over it, but," remarked the doctor with a twinkle of the eye, "the wire is up and it works beautifully." Gen. William G. Wilson accommodated me Thursday night and I slept beside the altar of G. A. R. Post 34, of Kingston, which is set up in General Wilson's front room.

When "Mart" Haynes was running for Congress, "General" Wilson was at a campfire at Lake Village, where Haynes was present, and in fulfillment of a promise, made in jest long before, he gave the genial colonel his instructions as follows: First take the Constitution from its position under the table, where it was placed on motion of Thaddeus Stevens in Congress, early in the war, and put it on the table, where it belongs; second, enforce the constitutional provision against a titled nobility as it applies to "The president and directors of banks, railroads and other monopolies;" third, destroy the landed aristocracy by causing all unearned public land grants to revert to the people.

"General" Wilson has been in two wars; his grandfather on the paternal side was, I believe, a soldier in the Revolution, while on his mother's side, the same relative, Thomas McKeith, was with Arnold on his reckless trip through the Maine woods to Quebec. His four grandparents were Scotch, English, Irish and French, and "that makes me a full blooded Yankee," says the "general," and I guess he is.

L. G. Hoyt of Kingston was in his office when I called, and glad to see me. When I told him I was getting a living collecting for newspapers, he looked incredulous. "When I first hung out my shingle," said he, "hungry for business, the agent of the *American Agriculturalist* called on me with 42 bills for collection. Forty-two letters east

me 42 cents to send out and some ingenuity to plan up 42 kinds of punishment if 42 subscribers did not call in and settle. Net result was the receipt of 50 cents, on account. Then the agent called and wanted to know if I had made a remittance. Now look here, said I, I've put in some time, labor and expense on this job, and so far I'm just eight cents ahead of the game. No, I have n't made any remittance, and I am not going to, but collecting newspaper bills is too much fun for me; I guess I'll resign." Brother Hoyt, it takes lots of hustle to succeed as a collector.

---

## IN "HAWKE" AND VICINITY.

---

*An Original Indian Deed.—A Wild Cat Struggle.—The Town of Hawke.—Quilts of Many Pieces.—How Sam Wilson Issued His Scrip.*

---

One thing that I forgot to mention last week was the original deed conveying most of the land in Rockingham and part of Strafford County from the Indians to the whites, made in 1629 by J. Wheelwright and Company and signed by five Sagamores. It gives me great satisfaction to know that the white men came honestly by the territory in which I accidentally was born. It was this way: The white commissioners met the five rude Sagamores somewhere in a lonely spot in the woods, and around the roaring campfire they sat down and smoked the pipe of peace. Then the documents were produced, which the Indians did n't know from a counterfeit \$10 bill, and Mr. Wheelwright and the other Puritan deacons got the Indians to make some pictures on the bottom margin, then they clapped their five several names opposite the pictures and the deed was done. Somebody told me the consideration

was four wrought iron pitchforks and a barrel of rum, Passaconoway, the head chief getting the latter, which he placed in his barn cellar, and the other four big Indians afterwards got sick of the bargain, and after using Passaconoway for a fork holder, carried off what was left of the rum beyond the Piscataqua. Be that as it may, I saw this interesting document at the office of Dr. Elmer E. Lake, at Hampstead.

As I was passing through the woods over towards Daniel C. Hooke's, on the road leading to North Danville, I met with an adventure with a wildcat. This blood-thirsty animal was crouched in a hollow tree about twenty feet from the ground, and I was transfixed as I came to the spot by an unearthly variety of yowl. Gazing in the direction indicated, I saw the glaring eyes of the beast fixed upon me. Suddenly the animal sprang out of his lair and made his way down the tree trunk and came at me on the road. I stood my ground, of course, as a brave man should, and after a brief struggle captured—Mrs. Scribner's coon cat.

Some way or other I always get filled up with information when I go to Danville, and what Oliver Hunt don't know about the old town, named originally for the English admiral, "Hawke," I shall not try to tell. When the name was changed, the Hawke representative at General Court urged it on the ground that the hawk was "that wicked bird that kills the chickens," though the real reason was the fact that on muster days the neighboring inhabitants used to come in to "crow town" screaming "ca-ca-ca" in a derisive manner, very annoying to the good people of Hawke.

Danville has been a great town for charcoal burning and for eccentric characters, one of whom declared that a charcoal burner's life was so healthy that "one was never known to die of consumption as long as he lived." I believe this to be true. "Tuckertown" is reached by a road leading to the right as you go by the old church near the Peaslees, though no Tuckers have lived there for perhaps a hundred years. It has been used in years past as a sort

of smallpox hospital, and as there is no passing on the road through Tuckertown, it affords a good place to retire to and enjoy a wrestle with a contagious disease. I am not sure but that early classic which made such vivid impression on my youthful imagination, describing the trials of "Old Dan Tucker" when in an intoxicated condition, may have originated in this vicinity. The snow fell heavily as I meandered over into West Brentwood, and at F. C. Bartlett's, where I stopped to dinner, I tarried till the clouds rolled by, which they did about one o'clock, leaving some five inches of the "beautiful" to retard my progress.

Near Brentwood Corner lives a gentleman who is open to engagements in the matrimonial line. He wished me to say that his residence on the sunny side of a hill, is composed of a cross between a country farm pig-sty and the late Nat. B. Glidden's blacksmith shop, which once stood near the brick church, and here, with his cat, his harmonica, his Bible, a superb hand organ, and a case of the grip, he is enjoying single blessedness. When I called he was baking gingerbread and stirring grip medicine that simmered on the stove, and as he sat on my knee and passed his arm lovingly around my neck, I was assured that he was capable of making any woman happy. Queer people, just a few!

Speaking of coins and scrip reminded my friend Green C. Fowler, of Sam Wilson's way of meeting an emergency. Sam lived at Wadley's Falls, and on one of his horse-jockeying expeditions to Newmarket, happened in at the tavern with a friend, and proceeded to make the remark that the governor of North Caroline is said to have made to the governor of South Carolina, which was agreed to—as usual, but when it came to paying for the drinks, there was no change to be had. Sam Wilson was not the man to be cheated out of a drink by trifles, so taking a piece of white paper, he then and there issued his scrip, "Good for two drinks," and signed "Sam Wilson." How I wish Sam had lived to be secretary of the United States treasury in place of the present incumbent, who assures his Wall Street

friends that "this government can't create money," and forthwith proceeds to borrow a few hundred millions of the London bankers. Wilson would have shown him a trick worth two of that, or else I am mistaken.

---

## IN CANDIA, DEERFIELD AND NORTHWOOD.

---

The week for the greater part has been fair and cold, though it warmed up a little on Friday, and on Saturday old Jup. Pluvius reigned supreme; it always does when Jupiter is around. I went over by "Candia Meetin' House on the hill," with its stone basement and the \$10,000 soldiers' moniment in front, erected by ex-Gov. Frederick Smythe (with an e), who was born there and laid the foundation of his immense fortune by working as a grocery clerk for a hundred dollars a year and his board. My informant told me that he actually clothed himself out of his salary and saved nearly one hundred and twenty-five dollars, lacking a few cents. This shows the shrewd financier, even better than I can.

It was years later when Charles Morrill, who also hailed from Candia, was recommended by a leading banker to the directors of the Derryfield bank of Manchester as a first-class Napoleon of finance, and fitted by the Candia climate to hold down the cashier's stool in any bank. After Charlie had stolen everything in sight and sailed for South America, where he now is, the directors aforesaid found out that the leading banker above mentioned had been bitten in the same place. "What did you mean," they demanded, "to recommend to us a man you knew to be a thief?" "Oh! we had to make ourselves whole on the rascal," replied the l. b., nonchalantly. There is honor among bankers.



As Auburn was the birthplace of a great poet (I was born in Auburn), so Candia was the birthplace of Sam Walter Foss, now editor of the *Yankee Blade*, I believe, and author of "Back Country Poems." The only reason why Foss does n't equal Bob Burns is simply because he has n't got a Scotch twist in his tongue. That he is one of nature's great poets none can deny. I am too modest to even suggest that Auburn produced the other one, but really Candia and the adjacent country should be proud of the smart men raised there.

Plummer D. Small of Candia village was in Jackson, Miss., with a party of gentlemen in uniform, at the time Grant was pounding Vicksburg into small bits. Jefferson Davis, the great female impersonator, was then playing a brief engagement at Richmond, Va., and had left the key of his Jackson residence in the well. Of course the visiting statesmen from the North wanted to look over his family heirlooms, so some of them visited the Davis house and came away with a bag full of antique crockery presented by Martha Washington, the colored cook, I believe. Mr. Small has a cup from the collection that Jeff. used to drink firewater out of, just before delivering his famous speech about one Southerner being able to lick five Northerners, subsequently revised. J. H. Foster of the Candia village post office offered to take the *Gazette* on condition that I stop D. B. Burns' paper, which has been a source of weariness to Mr. Foster for some time, owing to the fact that Mr. Burns died some years ago, and does n't need the paper at this office. As he never left any directions for forwarding his mail, I closed with the offer at once.

Soon after entering Deerfield I crossed the South Road that followed a ridge of hills for several miles and entered the valley through which runs "Pig Street." I've no objection to a valley, as such, but if I lived on that blooming boulevard I'd change the name or move. It makes a good deal of difference to some people what name they sail under. I knew of a family of Leathers, once, four boys,

and every blessed one had a different name, three by act of the Legislature, and one, Jack Leathers, by nature. He said, "by Hunks, he was born a Leathers, and he was going to die one."

I passed over by Deerfield "Old Center" (there is a new Center of bustling activity now). This is said to be the coldest place on earth by a man who has a farm he wants to sell in another part of the town, but it is very sightly, especially from the apex of the graveyard on top of the neighboring hill. This graveyard contains a fine collection of marble and granite for a country yard, and represents, with the other yards in town, as much cash value as half the town would sell for today. It costs high to be securely planted with a dead weight on top, so to speak, but we must have it. Bluff old Ben Butler first cocked his eye at the light of day over the Deerfield hills, and Joseph Thomas Crane, a young man of 85, who lives at the Parade, used to help Ben assist the principal at the old academy where they went to school 70 years or so ago. Mr. Butler afterwards removed from Deerfield.

I spent the night at the home of Mrs W. D. Adams. Mr. Adams is a well-known musician and teacher of dancing, at present in Florida. I saw a man with a yoke of steers and a long wooden runnered sled, about the raggedest man I ever met (and I was taken for a tramp myself last week), and I wondered at it, but when I learned that he owned more land than any other man in Deerfield, I took pity on him and trusted him for the *Gazette* three months. Oh! I've got a great heart all right. I may have forgotten some things I wanted to say about Deerfield, but never mind. It's only four miles through the woods to Northwood Narrows, where I hoped to get about two dollars out of J. M. Fitts, Esq., formerly of Epping, but unfortunately he had a receipt for the bill, so I sat and rested, while Mr. F. beguiled my leisure. Mr. Fitts had a gold watch once, also a hired man: after the hired man went away the watch was n't there. This was a remarkable coincidence, but Mr.

Fitts kept still about it till one day he saw the watch in a Pittsfield jewelry store. The monogram had been scraped off, but the number of the watch identified it perfectly. He has not recovered the hired man yet.

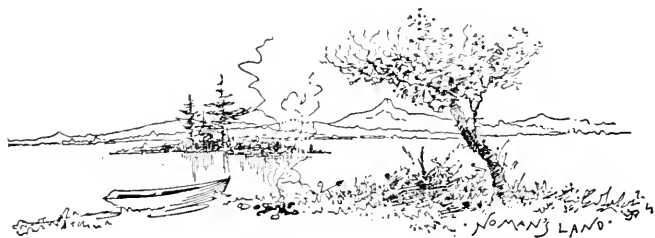
Northwood is the home of Coe's Northwood Academy, Prof. J. W. Brown, principal. It stands on an elevation, with the waters of a beautiful lake below it at Northwood Center, and must be a very beautiful place in summer. E. S. Coe, the wealthy lumber king of Bangor, Me., has taken a deep interest in the academy, and done much for its welfare. There are 26 pupils attending the present term. Northwood Ridge is a very sightly village on the top of the watershed between the Piscataqua and the Suncook and Merrimack valleys, from which, on clear days, the white sails of vessels passing New Hampshire's coast can be plainly seen, twenty-five miles or more away. A Northwood man informs me that this is a good town to start a shoe factory, as there are hundreds of first-class shoemakers here, now idle, or occupied in other business. At the present wages earned by shoemakers, I don't know as such an enterprise would be an unmixed blessing. Shoemakers can't afford to work for nothing and board themselves, any more than I can.

This reminds me of R. E. Tuttle's poverty party, held at his home in North Nottingham, Thursday evening, February 27. About sixty were present, and every one dressed appropriate to the occasion. It is awful easy to have a poverty party nowadays, for you don't have to hire the mourners—we are all in it.

At David L. Langley's I was shown a quilt cover containing numberless pieces of brilliant satin from a Haverhill hat factory. These little angular bits of cloth might have all been wasted otherwise. I got some dinner and the history of a graveyard contract at James A. Johnson's, and afterwards went down the Yank-e-ty yank and Slam-bang Railroad track that runs from Nashua to Rochester, over 987 sleepers, more or less, as lightly as a bedbug in a mid-

summer night, and tried to negotiate with George W. Plummer, the auctioneer poet of South Lee, for a pair of overshoes. He did n't have any big enough, so I pressed on to Wadley's Falls. Here Layn and Company have a slipper factory, and employ 30 hands at present. They shut down during the summer to give the boys a chance to hay awhile. They take the hay fever along in June. The shop has been running nine years, and it is about time to have an article in the warrant to see if the town will exempt them from taxation for 10 years more.

When I rapped at Mr. Sewall's back door an agitated feminine voice asked me who it was. I reassured her by telling her it was only a mere ordinary tramp, and the door opened about eight inches, while a curly tow head and shining gray eyes, filled the gap. I did n't go in, and being assured there was nobody at home, trudged down to Mr. Pendergast's, where I spent the evening playing cards. I'm a greenhorn at high-low-jack, and stood my hand on a lone jack of clubs. It proved to be the only trump out, and I scooped four points, high, low, jack and the game. They say it takes a fool for luck. I learned here that when Proctor, the milk man, sold out to Hood, the cans, creamery, and so forth, figured at \$1,600, while the good will brought \$8,400. This shows the value of good will. I have a large supply of it that I will sell away down. Leave all orders at the *Gazette* office.



## A STRING OF INCIDENTS.

---

*Out in the Storm.—Presented with a Bow-wow.—A Woman  
who Worked Like a Slave.*

---

As I remarked last week, it rained, and old Jup. Pluvius was held to be responsible, but up to this writing the old fellow has failed to show up and settle for the damage. The weather is usually a very trite subject, but with the varieties and incidentals of that article to which we have been treated the past week, none need complain of *cunui* in the least. It has snarled up the railroads and manufacturies of New Hampshire so that a month won't straighten them out, and 3,000,000 of dollars would n't adjust the damage.

I spent Monday night at Haverhill, a guest of the Webster House, where the genial factotum who has twice tried to get me to smoke a cigar at his expense, told me in the morning that there were 17 feet of water in the cellar. At any rate, there was water a foot deep on the far side of Washington Square, and the basement of the government building contained five feet. I attended a levee at the depot, where an anxious crowd was trying to get out of town. It's wonderful what a traveling people we have become since the days of steam and electricity. A tie-up of a few hours in a city like Haverhill, discommodes thousands of travelers on pleasure or profit bent. After waiting just four hours, a train was made up for the East: "down East," they illogically call it, though every schoolboy knows that Portland is northeast of Boston, and hence should be referred to as "up East." It never is, however, and that illustrates the power of habit.

I have always been too poor to keep a dog, especially when the tax collector came round: so when Mrs. S., of East Epping, offered to give me one, I was overwhelmed by my good fortune, and accepted at once. It is a cross between

an English mastiff and a Newfoundland, and is still of tender age. I got him in a basket with a loose cover and rode proudly home in the baggage car with my new acquisition. As I was passing up the railroad embankment to the Claflin mansion, the wind lifted my hat, and it sailed gracefully into the gloom of Tuesday night. I had the dog basket in one hand and my grip in the other, and deciding that the grip would be less likely to walk off than the dog would, I set it down by the rails and instituted a successful search for my hat. As I expected, the Claflin family were tickled about to death over the dog, and it was not till I arrived home Saturday night that I learned that the animal had fleas. Literally alive with them. In the stillly night we heard him from the depths pawing his hide as the elbow of his hind leg plays a rat-a-tat on the cellar door, anon, a poor little howl floats up to us. I don't know what to do with him. The store man recommends me to put him in hot water till the vermin all get onto his head, and then cut it off, while a sympathizing neighbor suggests kerosene. I know kerosene is good for a lot of things. I knew an old bloke once who used to try to get drunk on it, but he also tried to light his pipe after he was full, and there was an explosion. Our acquaintanceship suddenly terminated about that time. Our neighbor says the pup's long, shaggy fur can be saturated with the oil and then be set on fire, but I suspect they are jealous to think we have got a dog and they have n't, and they want to get even. I think I shall paste him over with angumentum and then pick off the fleas and drown them.

There is an old chap over in Deerfield who lives away up "in the mountains," who is worth a lot of rocks, besides what he raises on his farm, but when he goes to Boston he wears a ragged suit and goes barefooted, just like any old tramp. He wants the folks to love him for himself alone, and not for his looks. He is fond of music, and when he went into a Boston music store to select a piano, all the hoodlums in sight followed him in, "dey wanted to see the

bloke get fired out," you know: such is human nature. The salesman graciously allowed him to sit down and try a piano or two, but when he selected one and asked the salesman to take the price out of a thousand dollar bill, the latter fainted. I went over to Deerfield mountain, trying to find the eccentric individual and sell him some newspapers, but got off the trail, and after freezing my chin, came out in an exhausted condition at Jonathan Smith's. A drummer's cheek and an agent's chin are supposed to be frost proof, but that is a mistake, so far as chin is concerned, and I had to pound it with my arctic overshoe for some moments before I could limber it up sufficiently to tell Mr. Smith about the advantage of swapping a newspaper for a night's lodging.

I met a woman over towards Leavitt's Hill who had had a hard time. When seven years old her mother, who was compelled to work in the mills in Rhode Island, gave her to a kind-hearted (?) farmer to bring up and educate. He set her to work in the fields like a little slave, doing boy's work. Then he educated her to get up at 3 o'clock in the morning to milk a lot of cows before breakfast, and they used to save all the dishes till she got through at night, to do up in the evening. When she fell sick under hard work and numerous beatings, the kind farmer's wife had a worm remedy of senna and salts, mixed with pounded egg shells and molasses. The girl got to having fits, as many as 17 in a day, but later on her mother came up and got her "at the point of a pistol," and put her to work in the mills. At 17 she was married. She has a crippled sister living with her, and one child, "but we are poor folks," she said, pathetically. "My husband works round for the farmers, or in the woods chopping, and they don't want to pay him anything, only now and then a little pork and potatoes." This is only one of numerous woeful tales more or less connected with the general subject of newspapers, that I hear daily. I am becoming a man of sorrows, and acquainted with (other people's) griefs.

## A TRIP "DOWN IN MAINE."

---

*He Visits Mud City.—A Grange Store with a "Short Crop."—Farmers who Wanted a Chair Factory, and They Got (?) It.—A Call on Joshua, the Target of "Put."—A Building not Braced-Well.*

---

MUD CITY, Me., March 16.

People who never travel much have no idea of the luxury experienced in dating a letter beyond the borders of one's own native heath. Mud City is located in the town of Fryeburg, at least three quarters of a mile from the state line, in the valley of the "old" Saco River (there is a new Saco). Fryeburg was named for Gen. Joseph Frye, and was settled before the Revolution. It lies in a wide valley between Pleasant Mountain on the east and the Kearsarge Range and old Baldface and the foothills of the White Mountains on the west. Originally the Saco wound back and forth through this valley, like the trail of the serpent, of which it was said:

It twisted in and twisted out,  
Putting the looker-on in doubt  
Whether the snake that made that track  
Was going north or coming back.

Each recurring spring flood left lakes of stagnant water that made trouble and damage for settlers who attempted to occupy the meadows, so that about 1820 a company was formed to cut a canal across the neck of the Saco, a distance of two and one half miles, with a view only of flowing off the surplus water. There were kickers in those days, as well as now, and as the Hon. Eminent Domain was not as prominent as he has since become, several hardy pioneers went in the night, I am told, and completed the ditching and let the water through the neck. It went with a rush.





"ON THE SACO."



A wide bar was formed across the bed of the old river and the Saco was at once shortened some 36 miles, while its bed was lowered some 10 feet, and the bottom dropped out of numerous wells along the old river road.

The Fryeburg farmers had a flourishing Grange store here until a few months ago, when some uneasy chap demanded an investigation into its affairs, and a shortage of \$8,000 was discovered. The hired man who kept the books had n't any idea of what had become of the money. The treasurer only knew that he always signed his name whenever he was asked to (he makes a beautiful autograph). The auditors certified that the last time they looked into the drawer there were \$500 in it. The Grangers appointed a committee to hunt up all the bills payable, and after carefully figuring it up, declared an assessment of \$30 a head on the membership, which has racked the local granger all out of shape. There is a large vacant store to let at Fryeburg Center, with a trade coming in all the way from Norway, Sweden and Denmark (Maine) via the Fish Road and Misery Street, and even over beyond Mud City and Fag End. This Grange store is not the only coöperative scheme that has been tried in Fryeburg, by any means.

A few years since, the citizens felt the need of more industries, and after all the heavy taxpayers had got the moderator elected and gone home, the fellows who pay a poll tax and have n't anything else to do but hang on till the last gun is fired at town meeting, went to work and voted \$16,000 to build a chair factory. The idea of a good job is—bottoming chairs. The Fryeburg farmers had long felt the need of a chair factory, so they borrowed the money and built them one, and got a firm to come in and run it for them. The firm made a few earloads of green ash chairs and glutted the market—they all came back and the factory is now shut down, but the town has a lot of good four per cent. bonds out, and the interest is working right along, nights and Sundays.

When I came up here last Monday I stopped off half an

hour in Dover to see a gentleman who has been frequently described by Railroad Commissioner Henry M. Putney of Manchester, in the columns of the *Mirror*. I always thought Putney was rather inclined to be sarcastic in those descriptive articles of his, but a good Republican like Joshua L. Foster does n't mind Put's little pleasantries. I am assured that it was pr-r-incipal, not post office, that animated Mr. F. in deserting Cleveland Democracy. Most of us want both principal and interest, but the *Dover Democrat* (Republican), is in the game for principal alone. I viewed the place where the Bracewell block stood, over the Coheco River bed on Central Avenue, prior to the flood. It seems that Mr. Bracewell, who was at the time (some seventeen years ago), agent of the Coheco Print Works, got the directors to lease him the bed of the Coheco River for a term of years, under an act allowing them to throw a dam across the said stream. But it seems that the Legislature did not contemplate the erection of this block by the dam site, hence, though he took care to build strong and brace well, when old Coheco humped itself there was a sound of revelry by night, and Mr. Bracewell's property, together with a portion of the Central Street iron bridge, slid gaily into the flood. A good many are advising Mr. Bracewell to brace up and put up another block. It seems too bad, after a man has been drawing \$500 a month for 17 years out of a building like that, to have it so summarily dealt with, but then, this is a life full of uncertainties. When next I write I shall be out of Mud City.

---

## A WORD POLITICAL.

---

To have been three times a candidate for governor of one's native and well-beloved state, is an honor, at the hands of one's chosen party, as great as to have been elected, at the hands of some corporation which might be

in control of said state; and so, at the risk of hurting the feelings of the corporation crowd, I propose here to set forth the reasons why good citizens should vote for the principles of the party that saw fit to choose me as its humble representative.

I refer to the International Socialist Party.

It is, and has been for many years, recognized (by those who do a little thinking for themselves), that certain private interests, known as trusts and monopolies, control absolutely the so-called public services and most of the public necessities of modern life. The old parties, recognizing the common knowledge on this subject, have of late made several propositions, designed to assure our fellow-citizens that, while they may not be the great and only "trust busters" in existence, they are prepared to control the trusts by regulation and limitation of their powers.

This, however, is impossible! The control of a thing goes with the ownership of it, and hence those who do a little thinking may as well dismiss the propositions of the old parties first as last, for that they will be dismissed is inevitable.

"Let the nation own the trusts," or the trusts will continue to own the machinery of government, and operate it in their interests, as heretofore. There is one way, and one way only, whereby, without bloodshed, the trusts may be taken and operated by the nation. That way is through the ballot box, and by endorsing the political party which stands for the socialization of the means of production and distribution.

The American voter is often told that he is a sovereign, with a big S. On the contrary, he is a big CHUMP, all in capitals!

Ninety-nine per cent. of him, whines that his lot is a hard one, and growing harder by reason of the exactions and encroachments of these trusts. He admits all you say as to the cause and the cure of his ills. He knows in his heart that you are right: and in spite of all this, he whines

that nothing can be done, and with an idiotic smile on his face, goes to the polls, year after year, and votes for "*Some more of the same, please!*"

But, dear friends, the case is not so hopeless as it might be. I was a big clump myself before a good friend (Edward Bellamy in "Looking Backward") shed light into my mind which enabled me to realize the cause and cure of the ills of our present modern life.

I do not regard the case as hopeless. A half a million American voters have at this writing (1906), registered their votes for Socialism. That is only a small part of the actual number of Socialists in America.

Revolution is in the air and in the nostrils of the virile element of the nation. Old ideals and methods are passing away. A revolution in the methods and means of conducting manufacture and commerce necessitates an economic and political revolution in keeping therewith. That revolution is now upon us.

My advice to you, reader, if you have a vote or a voice, is to begin right now to use them in the interests of a speedy transition from the reign of capitalism to the just and equitable sway of Socialism.

Why fear to cast your ballot  
In the noble cause of Truth?  
It shall garland age with glory,  
It shall give success to youth!

What matter if the multitude  
Today are deaf and blind?  
Tomorrow, with its triumph,  
They'll be trailing on behind!

What matter if the daybreak slow  
Glows dull in distant sky,  
Your watching eye has seen it  
As the long, deep shadows fly.

And the day so long in coming,  
E'en now is at the door,  
When *Man* shall gain his freedom  
And be a slave no more!

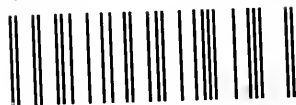








LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 041 432 3